

THE REISSUE OF

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 466—VOL. XVIII.]

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 3, 1864.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.  
12 WEEKS \$1 00.]

## The Peace Question—The Ultimatum of Jeff Davis.

In the late peace mission of Messrs. Gilmore (or Edmund Kirke) and Jaques, to Richmond, although a volunteer enterprise on their own responsibility, these gentlemen, in our opinion, have rendered no small service to the Government and the common cause of the loyal States. From various sources through the newspaper organs of the unconditional peace party of the North, there had been such positive and circumstantial assurances of a disposition on the part of the chiefs of the rebellion to enter into negotiations for peace, and upon terms that would be acceptable to the North, that, looking to the practical unity of the North, it had become a matter of great importance to ascertain the real opinions of Jefferson Davis upon this question.

We have no doubt that Messrs. Gilmore and Jaques were themselves persuaded, before undertaking their journey to Richmond, that, in view of the desperate situation of the rebellion, they would find the rebel President and

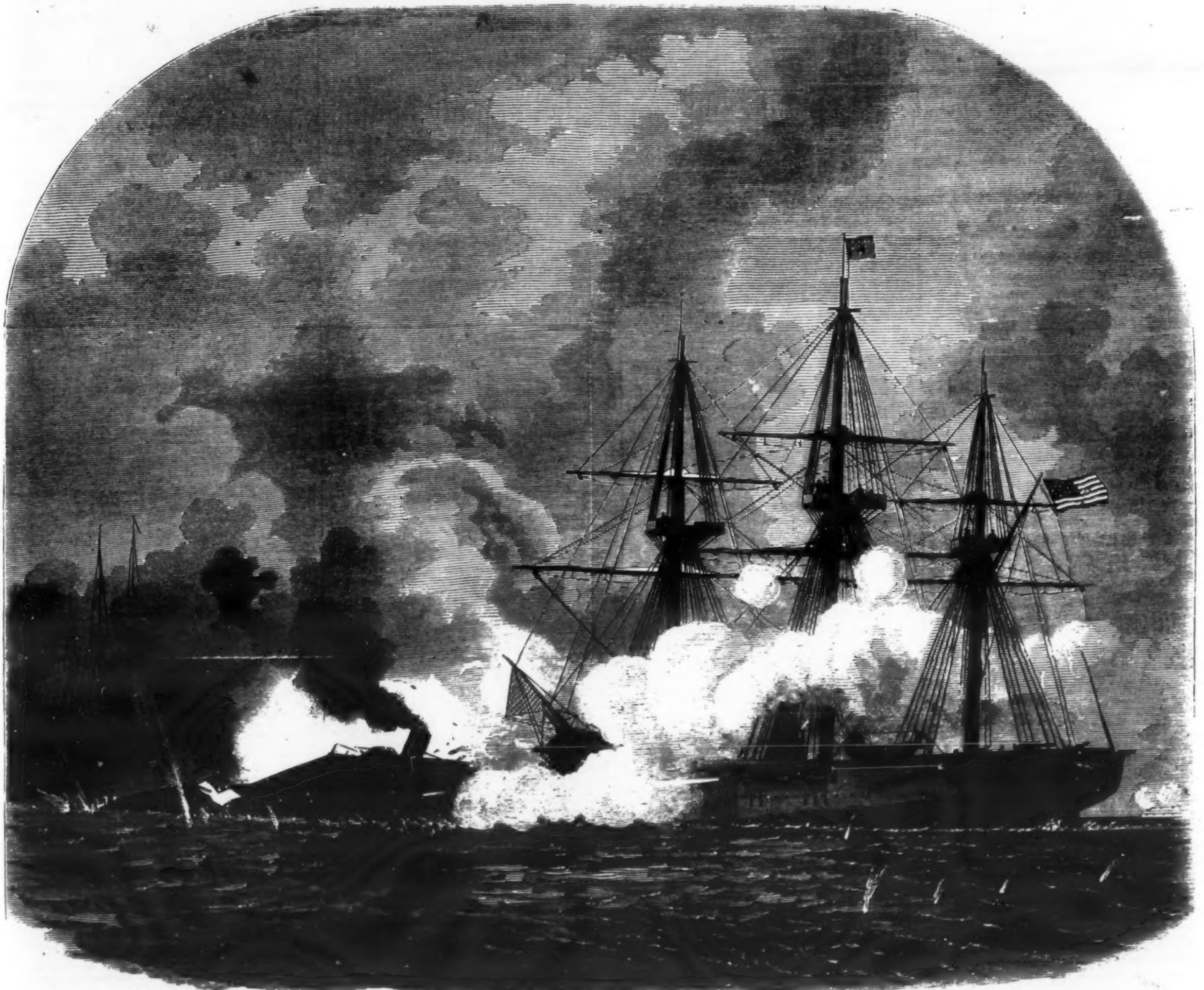
his ruling associates prepared to listen to almost any propositions that would open the door to negotiations for peace. From the interesting report submitted to the public by Mr. Gilmore, through the *Atlantic Monthly*, of the results of this mission of himself and patriotic colleague, we infer that they had also argued Mr. Lincoln into such active sympathy with their hopeful anticipations, that he not only aided them in every needful way upon their journey, but that, in the conversation with Jeff Davis, they spoke according to the suggestions they had received at the White House. In other words, although they acted upon their own individual responsibility, and without any official credentials to back them, they doubtless appeared before Davis as in reality the representatives of the President of the United States, and were manifestly so entertained and dismissed.

Hence the importance of the essential facts connected with this remarkable peace conference between Mr. Gilmore, the learned and experienced traveller in the South, and anti-slavery romance writer, and his brave and

patriotic colleague of the church militant, the Rev. Col. Jaques, on the one side, and the implacable despot of the so-called Confederate States on the other side. The peace overtures presented by Mr. Gilmore included the abolition of slavery, a general amnesty on behalf of the parties concerned in the rebellion, no confiscation, the return of the rebellious States to the Union, the debts of the so-called Confederate Government to be ignored, and the debts of the United States to fall alike upon all the States North and South. These propositions, we will assume, make up President Lincoln's ultimatum in behalf of peace. We think, too, whatever may be said of the condition precedent of the abolition of slavery by the rebellious States, the remaining propositions will be among the leading features of a treaty of peace, whether undertaken before or delayed till the 4th of March next.

The peace ultimatum of the rebel President, on the other hand, allows no margin whatever for peace negotiations or an armistice. The independence or subjugation of the rebellious confederated States is all that he has to offer.

His people, he tells us, are not fighting for slavery, but for independence; that they cannot and will not return and place themselves again under the Government of the United States upon any terms; that, in fact, they are resolved upon an independent Southern confederacy, and will "die in the last ditch" rather than surrender. Accepting this report of Mr. Gilmore as conscientiously correct, we accept this fact as thus abundantly established—that our only available negotiators for peace are such masters of diplomacy as Gen. Grant and Sherman, and that invincible seafaring ambassador, Admiral Farragut. From a careful reading of Mr. Gilmore's report of this late peace mission to Richmond, we can arrive at no other conclusion. Gen. Grant, therefore, is the proper man to send into the rebel capital as our next ambassador in behalf of peace. His style of argument in favor of reunion is so convincing that we are quite sure his presence in the rebel capital will at once settle the question. Nor can we believe that any overtures or any arguments in view of peace negotiations or an armistice will be entertained by Jeff



FARRAGUT'S NAVAL VICTORY IN MOBILE HARBOR—THE HARTFORD ENGAGING THE REBEL RAM TENNESSEE.



Davis while he remains in Richmond. His situation is desperate; but he cannot yet run the hazards of any approach towards submission. He still points defiantly to the army of Gen. Lee, and leaves the issue of Union or Disunion to be settled between him and Gen. Grant. Anxious, therefore, as we are, from every consideration of interest and humanity, for the return of the blessings of peace, it is manifest that these blessings can only be recovered with the restoration of the Union, and that this consummation can be reached only through a vigorous prosecution of the war. In this view of the subject we have every cause for encouragement; for we are entirely satisfied that as this rebellion, originally supported in men and supplies from 12,000,000 of our Southern people, stands now reduced, practically, to a confederacy of less than 5,000,000, one-half blacks, the end must be near at hand.

## The Seven-Thirties.

### WHAT ARE THEY?

We trust that a large portion of our readers have pondered the appeal of Mr. Fessenden, our new Secretary of the Treasury. The purport of it is that the People of the United States, acting as a body through their agent the Government, wish individuals to lend them two hundred millions of dollars for three years, at seven and three-tenths per cent. annual interest, payable every six months. For this they offer Treasury Notes—that is, in reality, notes drawn and endorsed by every man in the country. The loan is wanted for a great national purpose, to effect which every man, unless he be a traitor at heart if not in act, is solemnly pledged.

The Appeal is addressed not merely to a few great capitalists, but also to the many whose aggregate means constitute the mass of the wealth of the land. The notes upon which this loan is asked are from \$50 upward. Every man who has fifty dollars can take part in this loan. Apart from patriotism and the duty which all owe to their country, no investment is so desirable as this.

It is secure. Every dollar of every man's property is pledged for the punctual payment of the interest, and of the debt when due. The security is increasing in value. For some years before the war we were earning 1,000 millions a year more than we spent. During the three years of the war, owing to the high prices and constant demand for labor, we have earned more than ever before.

No man who could or would work has been idle; and, except for the war, we have spent less than before. In three years of the war we of the United States have certainly earned 3,000 millions more than we have spent apart from the war.

The cost of the war may be set down at 2,000 millions. Deducting this from our net earnings, the People who are security for this loan are 1,000 millions richer today than they were when the war broke out.

No other investment can be so easily convertible. The man who has a Treasury note for \$50, or \$100, or \$1,000, can turn it into money more readily, and upon better terms, than if it were invested upon bond and mortgage, or in railroad stocks.

The interest offered is higher than can be realized from any other safe and convertible investment. It is, moreover, readily collectable when due. To each note are affixed five "coupons," or interest tickets, due at the expiration of each successive half year. The holder of a note has simply to cut off one of these coupons, present it at the nearest bank or Government Agency, and receive his interest; the note itself need not be presented at all. Or a coupon thus payable will everywhere be equivalent, when due, to money.

Thus, while this loan presents great advantages to large capitalists, it offers special inducements to those who wish to make a safe and profitable investment of small savings. It is in every way the best Savings Bank; for every institution of this kind must somehow invest its deposits profitably in order to pay interest and expenses. They will invest largely in this loan, as the best investment. But from the gross interest which they receive they must deduct largely for the expenses of the Bank. Their usual rate of interest allowed to depositors is five per cent. upon sums over \$500. The person who invests directly with Government will receive almost 80 per cent. more. Thus the man who deposits \$1,000 in a private Savings Bank receives \$80 a year interest; if he deposits the same sum in this National Savings Bank he receives \$72. For those who wish to find a safe, convenient and profitable means of investing the surplus earnings which they have received

for their old age or for the benefit of their children, there is nothing which presents so many advantages as this National Loan.

It is convertible into a six per cent. gold-bearing bond. At the expiration of three years a holder of the notes of the 7-30 loan has the option of accepting payment in full or of funding his notes in a six per cent. gold interest bond, the principal payable in not less than five nor more than twenty years from its date as the Government may elect.

For six months past, these bonds have ranged at an average premium of about eight per cent. in the New York market, and have sold at 100 to-day (August 12th), thus making the real rate of interest over 10 per cent.; and besides, to make the inducement even greater, Congress by special act exempts its Treasury notes from State and municipal taxation. Could Rhylock ask more? Was patriotism ever so liberally rewarded?

#### Barnum's American Museum.

IMMENSE ATTRACTIONS.—Colossal Giants, Diminutive Dwarfs, Albino Children, Japanese Hog, Shaking Pond, Wax Figures, Aquarium, etc., etc. DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES daily at 3 and 7½ o'clock P. M. Admission to all only 25 cents. Children under ten, 15 cents.

#### Oscanyan's Oriental Album,

Consisting of 25 Photographic Portraits of Oriental Men and Women, taken from life in both indoor and outdoor costumes, representing Turkish, Jewish, Armenian, Circassian, Egyptian and Drus nationalities, and also scenes from domestic life, illustrative of Mr. Oscanyan's Lectures.

It is the most popular Album; should be seen on every drawing-room table; and the cheapest and most acceptable present that can be made to a lady. Costs only \$3. Sent free, by mail, on receipt of the price, by C. OSCANYAN, Second Avenue, 2d door from 56th St., N. Y.

N.B.—To prevent counterfeiting, each package is accompanied by the proprietor's own autograph in four different languages, viz.: Turkish, Armenian, Greek and English.

### FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 3, 1864.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

#### TERMS FOR

#### Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

One copy, three months.....	\$1 00
One copy, six months.....	2 00
One copy, one year.....	4 00
Two copies, one year, to one address, in one wrapper.....	7 50
Four copies, one year, to one address, in one wrapper.....	15 00
Magazine and paper, one year, to one address.....	6 00
One extra copy to each club of four copies, yearly.	

#### TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.

One Dollar a line on the outside or last page. Sixty Cents a line on the 14th and 15th pages.

#### To Correspondents.

First-class stories will be read promptly, and if found worthy of acceptance, suitably compensated.

The manuscript should be legible, on one side of the paper only, and be accompanied with the address of the writer. Poems of a high order and moderate length will meet with attention.

By the decision of the authorities at Washington, ARTICLES FOR NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES cannot be sent by mail at the rates of printed matter. If sent by mail, letter postage must be paid. Packages over four ounces should be sent by express.

When parties wish MSS. returned by mail, postage stamps must be enclosed for the full amount. Contributors of short articles, poems, etc., will do well to keep a copy, as the cheapest course.

#### Summary of the Week.

##### VIRGINIA.

Gen. Grant, on the 14th Aug., commenced a new movement by throwing Hancock's corps and the divisions of Terry and Foster across the James at Deep Bottom. The rebels were completely surprised. Gen. Birney cleared the rifle pits; Barlow carried part of the works, taking many prisoners. This brings Hancock within two miles of Fort Darling.

Gen. Butler is engaged here in digging a canal across Dutch gap, by which seven miles on the river will be saved. The recent movement of Hancock took a battery that annoyed the canal workers.

On the 18th Warren, with the 5th corps, advanced to and crossed the Weldon railroad. He took up a strong position and was soon attacked by Hill, who forced him back a little, but was finally compelled to retire.

On the 19th Birney's 10th corps was attacked, but the colored troops repulsed the enemy.

##### SOUTH CAROLINA.

A blockade-runner attempting to get into Charleston ran ashore on Sullivan's island on the 12th, and was entirely destroyed by the Morris island batteries.

##### GEORGIA.

Sherman has pushed his right around to East Point, cutting off Hood's communication with Montgomery and Macon.

On the 6th Aug., in an attempt on the enemy's lines, the 23d army corps gained some advantage but lost over 500 men. Sherman's batteries are actually in the city of Atlanta sweeping the streets.

Darien, in McIntosh county, is said to have been burned by our raiders.

Gen. Wheeler, with 1,700 men, on the 14th Aug., invested Dalton and demanded its surrender. Col. Siebold had but 800 men, yet he refused, and held out till he was relieved by Gen. Steedman, when he took the offensive and drove Wheeler off, a colored regiment throwing them into confusion. Wheeler lost 150 men. He is attempting to cut off Sherman's railroad line, and especially to destroy the tunnel at Tunnel hill.

Gen. Steedman started from Chattanooga and engaged Wheeler at Greysville. The action was severe; Steedman was wounded and Col. Straight killed.

##### SHERMAN'S VALLEY.

Gen. Sheridan has his army well in hand ready for Early's threatened advance. The position is one of almost uninterrupted disaster heretofore, and we trust that Sheridan will add to his laurels by a decisive victory.

Early has been reinforced by part of Longstreet's corps, but Sheridan is driving him down. In a recent fight at Front Royal, Meredith's cavalry division routed a party of rebel infantry, taking several hundred prisoners, 47 officers and three battle flags.

On the 11th Aug. Custer engaged the enemy near Winchester, and with Devens and Cesnola utterly routed them. The difficulty of guarding all the passes and preventing rebel attacks on his flank, rear and supplies, has induced Sheridan to fall back to Berryville, so as to be able to watch all important points.

##### MISSISSIPPI.

A sharp skirmish took place near Abbeyville on the 10th of August, in which Gen. Hatch defeated the rebel Chalmers, taking prisoners and caissons.

On the 13th Gen. Smith destroyed a part of Forrest's command at Hurricane creek, killing 50.

##### ARKANSAS.

The steamer Empress, from New Orleans, when near Guineas landing, was attacked from the Arkansas shore by a battery of six 12-pounders, supported by cavalry. Sixty shot and shell struck, killing five and wounding 11 of her 500 passengers. The Captain, Malley, was killed, and she would have been taken but for the fortunate appearance of gunboat No. 3.

##### KENTUCKY.

On the 13th of August 300 guerillas attacked Selma, Livingston county, but the garrison, 30 men of the 4th Kentucky, repulsed them, killing 8, wounding 15, and capturing more. The Union loss, three killed, one wounded.

A more successful party plundered West Point. The rebel Johnson still holds Henderson, and a party, under Hall, is at Brownsboro.

##### TENNESSEE.

A rebel force has taken possession of Cleveland, and a Union force left Chattanooga to dislodge them.

##### ILLINOIS.

Guerillas, on the 13th of August, captured three steamers near Shawneetown, loaded with cattle for Government. The rebel force (1,500 strong) was commanded by Col. Johnson.

##### NAVAL.

Since our last the Tallahassee has burnt the pilot-boat Wm. Bell and the ship Adriatic, from London. She captured also the brig Billow, schooners Spokane and R. E. Pecker, barque Glenalvon, and many others. Most of these were either captured or burned. She took 25 sail off Martinique rock, six off Cape Sable, two off Portland, and then ran into Halifax. The British Admiral stopped her coaling, and she sailed again on the 20th.

Admiral Farragut's report gives his loss in the battle off Mobile at 44 killed and 88 wounded.

Farragut demanded on the 9th the surrender of Fort Morgan, and on its refusal prepared for a combined attack. The rebels destroyed all the outbuildings and burned the last of their vessels at the fort.

#### FOREIGN NEWS.

THERE is very little to interest us in the news from the Old World. Peace had been agreed upon between Denmark and the two great German Powers, but the price paid by the former was very high. Denmark had given up Schleswig and Holstein and part of Jutland.

The British people were very indignant at the wholesale territorial spoliation inflicted on Denmark by Austria and Prussia under the peace treaty drawn up at Vienna. Denmark could not resist longer in arms, the English Government and crown would not, or could not, aid her, so the brave little Kingdom had to succumb. The real friends of Denmark were consoled with the hope that the Germans would quarrel over the division of the booty, and be in the end themselves robbed by Napoleon to a much greater extent.

The President of the Danish Council had communicated the matter to the Rigsdag, at the private sitting, and on the following day a motion was offered, and supported by a considerable number of the members, declaring that the silence with which the announcement was received must not be construed into an approval of the conduct of the Government.

Furloughs have been granted to all the Danish recruits undergoing preliminary drill. Troops were returning to Copenhagen from Funen.

The German papers assert that the Duchies have been surrendered in their entirety without reservation, and that Austria and Prussia have full liberty to dispose of them.

The Austrian Government has addressed a circular note to its representatives abroad, giving an analysis of the preliminary peace, and stating all questions relative to future disposal.

The arrogant manner with which Austria and Prussia had taken the entire affair out of the hands of the German Confederation, had deeply wounded that pugnacious and pompous body, and would very probably end in widening the breach between the people and the unpopular King of Prussia, who had forbidden the circulation of French in consequence of its bitter attacks on him. Some numbers of the London Times had been seized for similar articles. Bismarck, the Prussian Premier, was rapidly forcing on a conflict between the Prussians and their King, but the Teutonic is a very patient race, and the most experienced journalists of France and England had arrived at the conclusion that the daring and desperate minister would triumph.

The London and Paris papers adhere to their opinion that a new Holy Alliance had been formed between the rulers of Russia, Austria and Prussia. The *Opinion Nationale* says it will have the effect of cementing the alliance between France, England and the German people as against their tyrants. The King of the Belgians was on a visit to Louis Napoleon at Vichy.

The *Monteur de l'Armée* says officially that "a notable part of the French army in Mexico" is to be brought home this year, and in the enumeration of the regiments, battalions and companies which are to return in 1864, gives the impression that this "notable part" will consist of about 10,000 men. As for the rest of the army, circumstances will decide the epoch of their return.

#### TOWN GOSSIP.

We cannot see that anything is so absorbing at the present moment as the coming draft and the means to avoid it. We fear patriotism among those who are left behind is almost a dead letter, but we also believe that it burns as bright in our armies as it ever did, and consequently that the draft is an excellent tonic and calculated to revive, especially if the patient should happen to get a front seat before Atlanta or Petersburg.

We will give the patriotic stay-at-home citizens of this great village just one month more to realize the force of what is coming. If then, with the taking of nearly 20,000 men from among us, they do not wake up to the fact that we have a war on hand, we are mistaken. There can be no doubt that this conscription is a bitter pill to take, but we feel that New York deserves it, and deserves it precisely in the shape she will receive it, that is, harder than any district or county in the State. With her immense wealth she could have avoided its severity. Money would have eased the road and left but little to do on the 5th of September, but unfortunately for the people there was nothing for the political masters who govern us to make, no job to be managed or stealings to be gotten, and consequently the people are left to suffer, while every other part of the State, with a mere fraction of our wealth, has carried away our men by the inducement of higher bounties, and is rapidly relieving itself of the incubus of the coming draft. In the meantime bounty brokers and runners are getting rich at the cost of our citizens and the men whom they are sending to represent them in the field. An able-bodied man is worth now about \$1,000 bonus, and a stipend of \$16 per month for three years. The risks are not large, and the man who is temperate can come out of the matter in a year or so with his \$1,000 intact, and have enough to buy and stock a farm, or start a business for himself, provided he does not share the sum with a bounty broker, against which folly we would not insure one man in ten.

Approach of the draft, we were shown a very pleasant letter a day or two since from a "gentleman," a native of that late commonly called "green," but of whose natives we can vouch that they partake of none of the color. We had assisted in putting the "gentleman" through as an able-bodied substitute to represent a friend of ours in the armies of our country, helping him to say in the long future that he had shown his patriotism to the extent of \$900, in the hope that the innocent-looking alien who bore a musket in his name might bleach his bones on Southern soil to his Yankee born's credit. The enlistment was well and speedily done, and \$900 in greenbacks greeted Patrick's palm, more money than he had ever seen before, and our friend shook hands affectionately with him, giving as a parting injunction that he should never turn his back on the enemy, and that he should write and inform him how he was and if he wanted anything. Three weeks elapsed and the following letter reached our friend:

"ON BOARD SHIP—THIS DAY—1864.

"Misther P—I, respected sir:

"Misther yer wishes, I take my pin in hand to rite ye a line, and hope my blissin' an' these av Bridget, an' the childer, on yer head. May the blissin' av hiven wait on ye for the help ye've given a poor by to get along in the world. The granebooks ye was pleased to present me didn't go a great way, blissid sur, in gitten sov'reigns, but there's enough to make the ould cabin at home my own; to buy a cow, a pig or two, an' mayhap put some sticks av furnitur in the place, an' a drap of male in the tub, to say nothin' av a sup of whiskey an' the day. It's many a night an' day in ould Enniskillen I'll be thinkin' av ye, and blissin' the hour I went to Amerriky to list. Before this litter reaches ye I'll be on the broad Atlantic, far from the 'home av the free an' the land av the brave'; but maybe, av ye don't git over yer thronebills I'll come back, misther P—I, an' list agin. By the piper I'll do more, sur, I'll tell all the bys at Enniskillen, an' they'll come over an' be yer substitutes as I have. Me love to Mrs. P—I, and the childer, an' yours, to command till dea.

"PATRICK McDOWD.

"P. S.—As yees told me av I wanted anything to ask ye for, why it jist strikes me that av ye would send over by the next packet a small, little tub av boobon whiskey, the like av which I kind av took to while I was in Amerriky, it would please the boys at Enniskillen, an' maybe fitch 'em along quicker av substitutes. An' resave me blissin' agin. PATRICK McDOWD."

Enough on that head, for Julia who stands beside us, watching with a great pair of brown eyes all we are writing, says she does wish we would write about things of more importance than the draft: hoops and crinolines, now, for instance, or milk, or the advance in stage fare, or the high price and deteriorated quality of sherry cobbler and loe, and a hundred other things that agitate society every day. Accordingly we shall take them up consecutively.

Hoops, she says, are gradually going out, more's the pity, and ladies are coming back to the old days of a multiplicity of skirts hanging heavy and limp from the waist. Nor is this all, for it seems that a plot is on foot to inaugurate their banishment by frowning down every hoop appearance at the coming season of opera. Upon what this movement is founded we do not positively know, but we opine that it has something to do with the late agitation at the Grand Opera, Paris. If this is so, we can only inform the fair dandizettes who are making the effort that the Parisian crinoline excitement did not arise among the audience, but was an absolute order issued by the director to the coryphees and lady attendants upon the stage, an order against which they rebelled, but which has been strenuously carried, and should be adopted in our own theatres. The object gained is that it makes the understandings of the ladies less apparent when they are not absolutely dressed for a pedal display. In other words, a chorus may be got up superbly in all outer covering, but from a supposition on their part that their long skirts hide the omission the shoes and stockings are oftentimes positively objectionable, and the use of crinolines makes the display unavoidable. That is the secret of the Paris opera crinoline talk, and we hope our own managers will profit by it.

And now about milk. Can any of our rural friends realize the good city of New York without milk for its breakfast? And yet this thing does occur sometimes, especially on last Wednesday morning, when the singular spectacle was presented of thousands of people traversing the streets, from six to nine A.M., carrying pitchers and pails of every size, and searching for the lacteal. The milk train of the Erie road had collided with an up train, near Turner's, and New York was milkless until after twelve o'clock, the only ones escaping the general impoverishment being those who believe in the stump-tail article and act accordingly. An incident of the kind only shows how perfectly we are creatures of habit, and how the deprivation of even so unimportant an article as milk is calculated to overthrow the whole social system.

Next comes the rise in stage-fare, which is being quickly carried out this week, though only a few weeks since it was put down by universal acclamation. This time the stage proprietors have gone motherly to work,



and have only tacked two cents on, making the whole fare eight cents, a rise for the sanction of which they have appealed to the public in a card tacked up in each bus, wherein they explain to their patrons the relative prices of hay, oats, feed and iron in 1860 and now. We think that the public will now generously admit the rise, and not frown it down as they did a few weeks since.

The week has been signaled in the dramatic line by the re-opening of the Winter Garden, new painted and putted, and with a partially new company. The night was inaugurated by Mr. J. S. Clarke as Major de Bootes in "Everybody's Friend," in which he brought to bear those inimitable legs, which have already electrified the public as the property of Mr. Toodles. Among the new candidates for favor this season are Miss Carr, who did what little she had to do, as Mrs. Major de Bootes, very cleverly, emphasizing her "Major!" with considerable vim; Mr. Walcott, jun., as Felix Featherly, reminded us much of his father, not that we would inductate he is as good an actor as his father once was, but that there is something of the senior's mannerism about him; Mrs. S. Brown, as Mrs. Swandown, was neat and pretty, as she is in everything she does, and is a real addition to the company. Of the old company, the pretty and always good Mrs. Chanfrau deserves first mention, and next comes Dolly Davenport, who seemed to partake of the spirit of the new paint and putty, and to act in that way.

The adornments of the house are not very extensive, but are enough to do entirely away with the mouldy, dilapidated look it bore last season. The proscenium has been illustrated from the plays of Shakespeare by Mr. John Lafarge, of which illustrations, as works of art, the less we say the better it will be for Mr. Lafarge. The footlights have been sunk the same as in the Olympic—a great improvement—and the stage has been recarpeted, but there is still room for great additions to the scenic stock. The orchestra is under the leadership of Mr. Robert Stoppel, which will be a guarantee for its having been strengthened and improved. All things considered, we congratulate Manager Stuart on his advance, and earnestly hope that the house will never again run into the same yellow leaf that it did under last season's direction.

Mr. Dan Bryant closed at Wallack's on Saturday last, and Miss Olive Logan commenced on Monday with a new play by Mrs. Bateman, called "Evelyn," of which next week we shall have something to say.

The new Broadway, once Wallack's, opens on Monday next, with Mr. John Owens.

Heller announces his opening for the 12th of Sept., and among the new things in which he has been getting posted is that last sensation of London entitled "Anthropoglossos."

The Anthropoglossos is a single mechanical head which sings six songs with a human voice. Heller proposes to give us a whole dozen of Anthropoglossos, arranged as a minstrel band. We tell the thing as it is told to us, without comment. Beside which the magical machine promises several new things from the other side of the water, calculated to rather stultify matter-of-fact people.

The actors have held another meeting, and Mr. Davidge announced their success in most emphatic terms, declaring their numbers at about one hundred, and comparing the movement to that of the Anti-Corn Law League, which began with thirty-five members and ended with a whole nation.

Barnum is doing a splendid summer business with his pantomime company, and bids fair, by present appearances, to make it a winter company also.

## EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

**Domestic.**—A telegram was received on the 17th August by Gen. Hays emanating from the War Department, and conveying instructions to have all the enrollment lists ready by the 1st of September, as it is the intention of the Government to carry out the draft on the 5th. Notification of completion of the enrollment will be transmitted to Washington, in order that the proper quotas may be set down. It is stated that a large number of troops will be sent to the city to enforce the draft.

A great wrestling match was held on the 17th of August between Harry Hill, the proprietor of the Cromorne Garden, and a young Philadelphian, Prickett, for \$500. Prickett was the victor. Harry Hill is nearly 50 and his antagonist but 24.

A large and enthusiastic mass meeting of the printers of this city, and co-operating delegations from the various working men's associations, was held in the City Hall Park on the 18th Aug. A large body of the printers, headed by a band of music, marched in procession to the Park, where speeches were made and resolutions adopted setting forth the justice of the demand of the Typographical Union for the increased scale of prices.

The official report of the Treasurer of the recent Sanitary Fair in Brooklyn has just been published, and shows the receipts of the Fair to have been as follows:

Cash donations.....	\$208,523 95
Admissions.....	60,572 07
General sales.....	126,971 66
Dept. of articles, relics, etc.....	10,502 08
"Drum Beat" Committee.....	3,061 06
Post Office.....	830 65
Skating pond.....	587 45
Refreshment saloons.....	15,976 16
New England Kitchen.....	4,815 99
Sales of buildings, etc.....	1,609 88

Total.....\$403,423 28

The expenditures were as follows:

Buildings and decorations.....	\$12,749 93
Rent of Academy.....	4,750 00
Doorkeepers, ticket sellers and clerks.....	2,017 50
Gas, fuel and insurance.....	728 72
Music, badges, flags, etc.....	1,125 44
Certificates to contributors.....	1,236 40
Advertising and printing.....	5,483 59
Other expenses.....	938 97

Total.....\$29,029 84

The Metropolitan Gas Company have notified the city authorities that from Sept. 1 their charge will be \$50 per year for each street lamp—just double the present price. No contract exists with them. Their district is that part of the city between the rivers and 42d and 79th streets. The Manhattan is the only Gas Company now under contract with the city. The contract extends to 1868, at \$15 per lamp.

Nearly 16 millions of the National loan have been taken.

Seventeen newspapers have been discontinued in New York State since the 1st of August, on account of the high price of material.

The largest gambling-house in America, outside New York, is kept by John Morrissey at Saratoga.

In Idaho nothing goes as a circulating medium but gold dust. Every man carries his little buckskin pouch, and, no matter what his purchase is, he pays for it in the precious legal tender of the realm, which is weighed on scales kept for the purpose, whether the article bought be a cigar, a drink of whiskey, or something of more utility and value.

The barbarities practised by guerrillas in Missouri have probably no parallel in any war on record. They appear to act more like fiends than men in human form with human impulses. Some of their atrocities are most horrible to relate. A few days ago a young man named Hart was murdered in St. Francois county, under circumstances of the most revolting character. When found after his capture by the bushwhackers he was suspended from a tree in such a way as to have produced a lingering and excruciating death, his hands being tied behind his back by hickory thongs passed through holes bored in his wrists. Other marks of aggravated torture were found upon his person. Another case of extraordinary atrocity was the killing of an old Methodist preacher, named Morris, in Platte county—a man 60 years of age—whose eyes were first put out, and then he was shot. The shooting of innocent, unarmed citizens is a thing of daily occurrence.

The New York horse railroads intend petitioning the Legislature to increase the fare to 10 cents.

—It is reckoned that the summer residents of New Orleans is larger than it has ever been before, numbering 175,000. Since the Union forces have occupied the city there has been no yellow fever.

—Litchfield, Conn., has voted an additional \$500 to every one who will volunteer.

—The imports for the first seven months in 1864 exceeds those of 1863 by \$40,000,000, while the gold duty increase is \$16,000,000.

—Patrick McGrath, a Massachusetts shoemaker, went to Canada to escape the draft, and died of starvation in the streets of Quebec.

—The "pretty waiter-girls" have all been expelled from the concert saloons in Philadelphia, under the operation of a new law enacted by the Legislature.

—The hard-working car horses in New York are kept in good order from 13 pounds of hay and 17 pounds of meal per day.

—A coachman, of aristocratic proclivities, advertises for a situation, with the proviso that "none need apply who have not kept their carriages over three years." A hit at shoddy.

—A substitute broker in Poughkeepsie got rightly served a few days since. In trying to get a countryman drunk he took too much himself, and was enlisted by the individual whom he hoped to sell. He did not find out his mistake until the next morning.

—Mr. John Mullaly, editor of a weekly paper in this city called the *Metropolitan Record*, was arrested on the 19th by United States Deputy-Marshal Peck, on a warrant issued by Commissioner Osborn. The warrant of arrest was issued on the affidavit of United States District Attorney Smith, which warrant sets forth that the said John Mullaly, in an issue of the *Metropolitan Record* of the 6th of August last, caused to be printed, issued and published an article entitled the "Coming Draft" and other articles, in which he counsels one Seymour and other persons to resist the draft ordered by the President of the United States, to take place in September next. The accused was brought before Commissioner Osborn to answer; but examination into the case was postponed till the 23d of Aug. Mr. Mullaly in the meantime being admitted to bail in the sum of \$2,500.

**Military.**—Hexamer's battery, which left Hudson county three years since, and has served with great distinction in the Army of the Potomac, was mustered out of the United States service at Trenton on the 18th, and returned home on the 19th, arriving in Jersey city at three P. M., where they received a public reception, both military and civic. The number of men returned is 65; 31 have re-enlisted and remain; three were killed during their absence; the time of nine of them expired a few weeks since, and the balance have been discharged on account of wounds, disability, &c. They went out 153 strong. The members of the battery have participated in the following battles: West Point, Gaines's mill, Malvern hill, Harrison's landing, Bull run, Fairfax Courthouse, Antietam, first Fredericksburg, second Gettysburg, Battle of the Wilderness, Coal Harbor and Petersburg.

**Personal.**—The Davenport Brothers, with their manager, Harry Palmer, sailed for Europe on the 20th of August.

The American Consul at Alexandria, who has had a difficulty with the Egyptian Government, is not Mr. Charles Hale of Boston, this official not having arrived at his post yet, being detained in England.

—Gen. Burnside is at Providence, R. I., on a visit to his family. It is said he is at variance with Gen. Meade, each blaming the other for the misfortune of the 30th ult.

—Edmund Kirke, who lately paid a visit to Jeff Davis with Col. Jacques, is about publishing a volume on the subject. An excellent way to puff a work.

—Lady Franklin is said to be a strong sympathizer with the rebels. She recently entertained a party of them at her residence in London. The reasons for such sympathies in that quarter are not understood.

—Queen Victoria has been pleased to confer the dignity of Baronet of the United Kingdom upon Sir Charles Lyell, the eminent geologist, by the title of Sir Charles Lyell, Baronet of Kinnordy, in the county of Forfar.

—Admiral Buchanan, who has been taken prisoner at Mobile, was commandant of the Washington Navy Yard in 1851. He resigned on the 19th of April, and afterwards asked to be restored, but his request was refused. He commanded the Merrimack in her attack on our fleet in Hampton Roads, and in the battle with the Monitor, and blew her up when Norfolk was occupied by Gen. Wool.

**Obituary.**—The *Utica Herald* announces the death of Philo Gridley, former Justice of the Supreme Court of this State. He had been in low health for a long time. Judge Gridley was a native of Connecticut, and was born in 1797. He selected the law for a profession, and made his residence at Hamilton, Madison county, where he resided for over 30 years, highly respected. In 1838 he was appointed Vice-Chancellor of the Fifth Circuit, by Gov. Marcy, and continued in office till the adoption of the Constitution of 1846, after which he was elected to the Bench of the Supreme Court, and held that position six years. He was the Judge before whom the notorious Alexander McLeod was tried for murder in 1841. As a jurist he had few superiors, and his dispatch of business was rapid. The "delays of justice" and the "uncertainty of the law" were not axioms of his court. After the expiration of his official term Judge Gridley removed to Utica, where he spent the remainder of his life. His death removes another of the veterans of Western New York.

—Simeon Hagen died at Sprague, Conn., July 22. He was 95 years old, and was born in the house in which he died.

—Zelger, a bass singer, long connected with the Italia opera in London, died lately at Ghent from poison very singularly administered. It appears that some three years since Mr. Zelger, having to perform the part of Walter in "Guillaume Tell," at Covent Garden, and having to whiten his moustache and beard, made use of a new composition, which, in the course of the night, brought on a violent fit of vomiting, which was succeeded by a long lethargy. From that time, says the *London Museum World*, his health was never completely restored, and he sank, in all probability, a victim to his imprudence or heedlessness.

**Accidents and Offences.**—Emanuel Herzberg, a physician, 51 years of age, having an office at No. 1 Amity street, was arrested on Aug. 16 by officer Croker, of the Lower Police-court, on a warrant issued by Justice Hogan. Dr. Herzberg was charged by Miss Mens Baddenick, a girl 16 years of age, living at 439 Washington street, with having, by force and violence, and against her will, committed an indecent and felonious assault upon her. The complainant called at the doctor's office to consult him in regard to her health, when he sent her to an upper room of the premises, where he appeared soon afterwards and committed the crime.

A few miles from Utica the other night a wounded soldier knocked at the cottage door of a woman, whose husband is a soldier in the Potomac army. She kindly made him welcome, and upon his showing her his honorable discharge and credentials to his excellent conduct from his officer, invited him to stay all night. During the night three burglars attempted to break into her house; the soldier flew to the rescue, and killed one; wounding and capturing the other two; one of whom was her brother-in-law. The rescuer came after \$500 which her husband had sent her the day previous.

**Foreign.**—The horses in the Emperor's carriage took fright the other day, when a most serious accident seemed inevitable. They were, however, pulled up at last. The Emperor said to the Princess of Metternich, who was with him in the carriage, "We narrowly escaped 'ath.'—Your Majesty escaped death—I immorally!" she promptly and wittily replied.

—A Liverpool magistrate, having had occasion to give an opinion as to a matrimonial difficulty which came up before him, concluded his remarks with the

following opinion: "It is always a bad arrangement for married people, whether high or low, rich or poor, to have a wife's sister, or a brother, or other relatives living in the same house with them."

—Lord Overstone, who has just died, has left personal property valued at £5,000,000 sterling. At the present exchange it equals \$70,000,000 of greenbacks. He was formerly one of the firm of Jones, Lloyd & Co., London bankers.

—Prince Napoleon's newest born is to bear the name of Louis Napoleon. His godfather is to be the King of Portugal; its godmother, Princess Mathilde.

—They have a queer monarch in India, whom the Bombay press just now are giving "particular fits." He is called the Gekwar (President) of Baroda. It seems that his highness recently spent £500 in celebrating the marriage of a pair of his favorite pigeons; and he is now about to throw away still larger sums on the marriage of some dogs that have just arrived from England.

**Chit-Chat.**—The leading article of a London journal of large weekly circulation makes the following confession, while maintaining that England can fight as well as ever: "This nation of shopkeepers is that of the Nile, of Balaklava, of Alwalah that built the Alabama, that manned her, that carried her into action with the Kearsarge. The men that fought against such odds—the surgeon that sank with the ship rather than desert his post—the gunners that loaded and fired till the sinking of the ship drowned out the fires of the engines—these men were Englishmen—as true hearts of oak, as seasoned chips of the old block, as ever swept the seas with Blake, or with Rodney, Howe or Duncan."

—Professor Snell, of Amherst College, who has kept a meteorological register for 25 years, says that Monday the 1st day of August, was the hottest day during that period.

—Gen. Scott refers to it as "a striking fact, that three ex-Vice Presidents, Aaron Burr, John C. Calhoun and John C. Breckinridge became, each in his day, a leader in treason."

—A soldier's wife, writing to one of the west-end aldermen, of this city, in regard to her State aid, says: "I have not had any children since my husband went away. I have three, and if I had known of this war I might have had three more, as I should like to send a regiment of my own raising to the army, as I am patriotic and Union clean through, though I am styled a Massachusetts negro, here in New York State, because I am for the war until every man is free as God created him." Great deal of self-reliance about that woman.

—A few leading Boston ladies have signed a card "to retrench our expenditure in dress." We know of a lady who has not had a new dress for three years, and who has never failed, since this war began, to devote a large portion of each day to working for the cause. When we see ladies in calico dresses we have faith in their addresses.

—The Vergennes *Vermonters* says that in Ferrisburg, the other day, two sisters, women grown, were seen engaged in most essentially aiding in harvesting the hay. One of the sisters was riding the mowing machine, guiding the horses, and cutting down the grass—the other was riding the horse-rake. It is worthy of mention that the only brother of these sisters is in the army.

—Charles Gates, a minor son of William K. Gates, of Lee, Mass., wished to enlist, three years ago, but his aged parents objected to it. One morning he was sent to drive the cows to pasture, on his way to work, taking his dinner with him. But at night he did not come back, because he had run away and enlisted in the 10th regiment. He remained through the three years without a furlough, and returned with the regiment, unharmed by the rebel bullets. He arrived at the old pasture at home one night last week, just at "cow-time," and leisurely drove up the same old cows, as if he hadn't been away for three years. His reception was a joyful one, none the less so as his coming was a complete surprise.

—No proper name can escape being turned into a ridicule, by adding to it a droll prefix. Lyon, a great coxcomb, to his serious distress, was everywhere greeted as "Dandy Lyon." No man was ever more annoyed than he was by this ridiculous joke, and great was his relief when he inherited an estate, with the privilege of assuming the name of "Winder." Had he laid aside his absurd style of dress, it is possible he might have thus escaped the ridicule to which he had thus exposed himself; his relentless companions merely altered but his nickname, and he was ever afterwards known as "Beau Winder."

—When the war first broke out, a young married man of Steubenville, Ohio, volunteered. He was reported killed at Perryville, and subsequently his wife received a metallic coffin, which purported to be the body of her husband. She buried it with all due ceremony and affection, and after more than a year elapsed she married again. A few days since an exchanged prisoner passed through Steubenville, and left a message from the husband supposed to be dead, that he would probably be soon exchanged and would be home again. Her present husband is a worthy man, and the case becomes somewhat embarrassing.

—At the new Richmond Theatre they had two "new" comedies; "The Gay Deceiver" and "Leap Year," and in rehearsal "Sixteen String Jack," "The Bohemians of Paris," and other novelties.

—"Boy!" called out Brown to the waiter at Sam's. "Don't call me boy, sir; I'm no boy, sir," said the latter. "Then do as you'd be done by," put in Brown, "and don't call this mutton lamb any more!"

—Cherubini's widow died lately at Neuilly, aged 91.

A gentleman at Charleston, who before the war had considerable property and lived well, wrote lately to his mother in Washington, as follows: "It is trying indeed to me to feed and clothe my family of eight. I shall be thankful if I live through this unnatural and horrid business, and am able to save my little ones from absolute want and starvation. We live principally on corn bread and rice, with not a piece of fresh beef more than once in three weeks, and no coffee, tea or sugar. \$25 of Confederate money is really worth about \$1 of former times. There are, however, innumerable persons in the South far worse off than us. The following are the prices of living: Beef, \$5 1/2 lb; bacon, \$5 and \$6 1/2 lb; corn meal, \$15 and \$20 1/2 bushel; flour, \$275 and \$300 1/2 barrel; molasses, \$40 1/2 gallon; sugar (brown), \$7 and \$8 1/2 lb; coffee, \$12 1/2 lb; tea, \$28 and \$30 1/2 lb; bread (bakers'), small loaves, \$1 1/2 loaf—good sized loaf, \$2; boots, \$300 1/2 pair; shoes, \$100 to \$125 1/2 pair; cloth, \$80, \$90 and \$100 1/2 yard, and everything else in proportion."

**The New Cosmetic, Distilled Dew,** is rapidly gaining popularity with the fair sex. It is one of the most refreshing and beautifying preparations ever offered, and has none of those deleterious effects which too frequently attend similar washes. The office is 718 Broadway.

**NEW YORK AND ERIE LINE.**—For persons going West the New York and Erie line is one that particularly recommends itself to travelers. It is a rapid gauge line, and the cars are clean, airy and commodious. We must particularly praise the night cars; they are really admirable. The arrangements are under the superintendence of our excellent friend, Mr. Charles Minot, who stands at the head of railroad officials.

**THE NAVIES OF THE WORLD.**—The navy of Great Britain carries 14,050 guns; of France, 8,576; United States, 4,184; Russia, 2,013; Holland, 1,220; Denmark, 958; Sweden, 920; Spain, 904; Austria, 852; Italy, 789; Portugal, 363; Norway, 340; Turkey, 297; Brazil, 276; Prussia, 265; Greece, 149; Peru, 104; Chili, 66; and Belgium, 26. The navies of the world consist of 1,684 steamers and 1,296 sailing ships, carrying 36,653 guns.

**THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.**—The red cheeks, the white teeth, and blue eyes of a lovely girl, are as good a flag as a young soldier in the battle of life need fight under.

## OUR MEXICAN FRONTIER.

**COTTON** was, from the first, the capital of the rebels in carrying on their operations. As one by one their ports were captured or blockaded the cotton trade was driven to the Rio Grande, and when our occupation of Brownsville interrupted it here it retired up the river to Piedras Negras. Here, on a steamboat, a cotton press was improvised, and as the caravans from the interior reached the bank and crossed the cotton was packed and sent down to Matamoros. Our Special Artist, while on the Mexican side, visited the depot of this trade, and his sketch will give our readers some idea of the activity with which trade is carried on in this recently lonely spot. The din of commerce, the mixture of English and Spanish languages, costume and manners, make it a most exciting scene.

## THE BRIDGE OVER THE MATTA-PONY AT MILFORD STATION.

THE beauty of American scenery, either when spring first clothes the landscape with green or in the full drapery of summer, or when fall dyes the leaves with those wondrous colors which give a charm to death, can never exhaust in its inspiration poetry and art. This pretty picture of a Virginia scene, how little does it breathe of war? Yet, here within three months the two mighty armies now contending before Petersburg swept by on the path of blood from the Rappahannock to the Appomattox. The Mattaponi is a pleasant little river, formed of branches to which fancifully the successive syllables of the name have been given, so that Mat—Ta—Po and Ny combine to form with sound and water the Mattaponi. It rises in Spottsylvania county, and after forming the boundary between counties that bear the royal names of King and Queen and King William, swells the waters of the Pamunky, and thus reaches the York and Chesapeake bay.

## MONARCHY IN NORTH AMERICA.

**Triumphal Entry of the Emperor Maximilian and his Empress into Mexico.**

THE conclusion has been reached; the empire founded on French bayonets is established! After long delays and hesitation Maximilian sailed to Mexico, and, reaching Vera Cruz on the 29th May, proceeded at once to the capital. His entrance was invested by the French with all possible pomp, and we illustrate it, from a drawing by a French Artist, some of the great events of the time.

The entrance took place on the 12th of June. The previous day, at eleven A.M., 500 horsemen and 250 caissons, filled with all the important personages who could be gathered, rode out to receive the sovereign as far as Santa Cruz. Here Maximilian and his wife descended from their carriage, having arrived with a brilliant cortège. Amid the sound of cannon and church-bells, the Emperor and Empress advanced on foot to the city, where they were received by the civil authorities and by many Archbishops and Bishops. The Chapter of the Abbey of Guadalupe conducted them under a canopy to the cathedral, amid a wondering but not very enthusiastic crowd.

They were here received and felicitated by Gen. Bazaine and Gen. Niegro. The next day, at eleven A.M., they entered Mexico itself with great pomp. The street was lined with soldiers and flowers were thrown before them at every step. If we believe French accounts, the reception was one of the most enthusiastic ever given to a new prince.

## A PERSISTENT YANKEE.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from before Petersburg relates the following:

A sergeant stepped out from a riflepost on Sunday and moved towards the enemy, waving a late paper, regardless of the probability that he would at any moment be shot. A rebel officer shouted to him to go back, but the sergeant was unmindful of the warning, and asked:

"Won't you exchange newspapers?"

"No," said the rebel, "I have no paper, and I want you to go back."

With a singular persistence the sergeant continued to advance, saying:

"Well, if you hadn't a paper, I reckon some of your men have, and I want to exchange, I tell you."

"My men have not got anything of the kind and you must go back," said the officer, in a louder tone, and with great emphasis.

Nothing daunted, the Yankee sergeant still advanced until he stood plumply before the indignant officer, and said:

"I tell ye now you needn't get your dander up. I don't mean no harm no way. P'raps if ye ain't got no newspaper, ye might give me sunthin' else. Maybe your men would like some coffee for tobacco. I'm dreadful anxious for a trade."

The astonished officer could only repeat his command:

"Go back, you rascal, or I'll take you a prisoner. I tell you we have nothing to exchange, and we don't want anything to do with you Yankees."

The sergeant said ruefully:

"Well, then, if you hadn't got nothin', why, here's the paper, anyway, and if you get one from Richmond this afternoon, you can send it over. You'll find my name thar on that."

The man's impudence, or the officer's eagerness for news, made him accept. He took the paper, and asked the sergeant what was the news from Petersburg.

"Oh! our folks say we can go in there just when we want to, but we are waiting to gobble all you fellows first," was the reply.

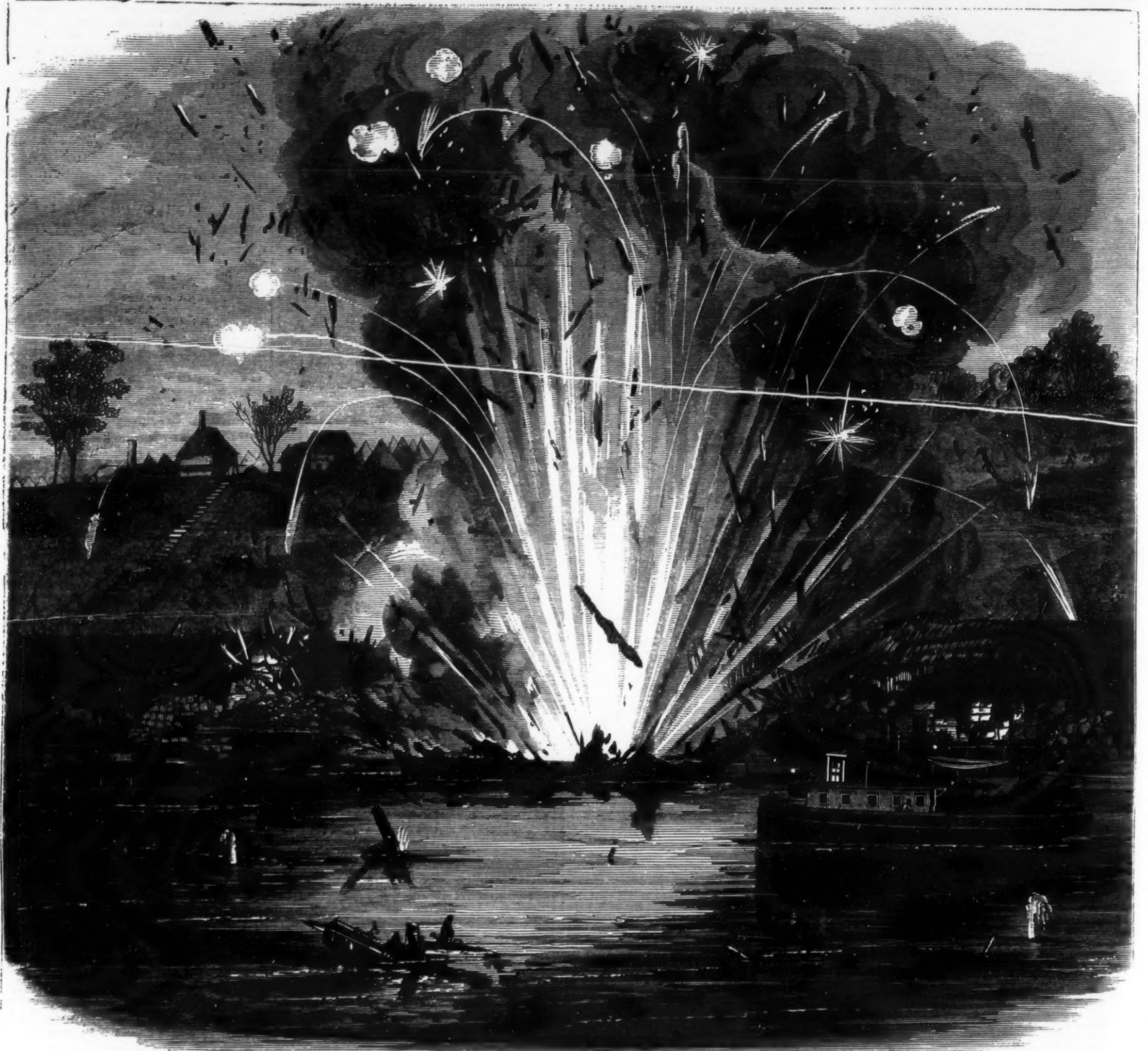
"Well, I don't know but what you can do it!" said the lieutenant, turning on his heel and re-entering the riflepost; "meanwhile, my man, you had better go back!"

This time the sergeant obeyed the oft-repeated order, and, on telling his adventure, was the hero of the morning among his comrades.

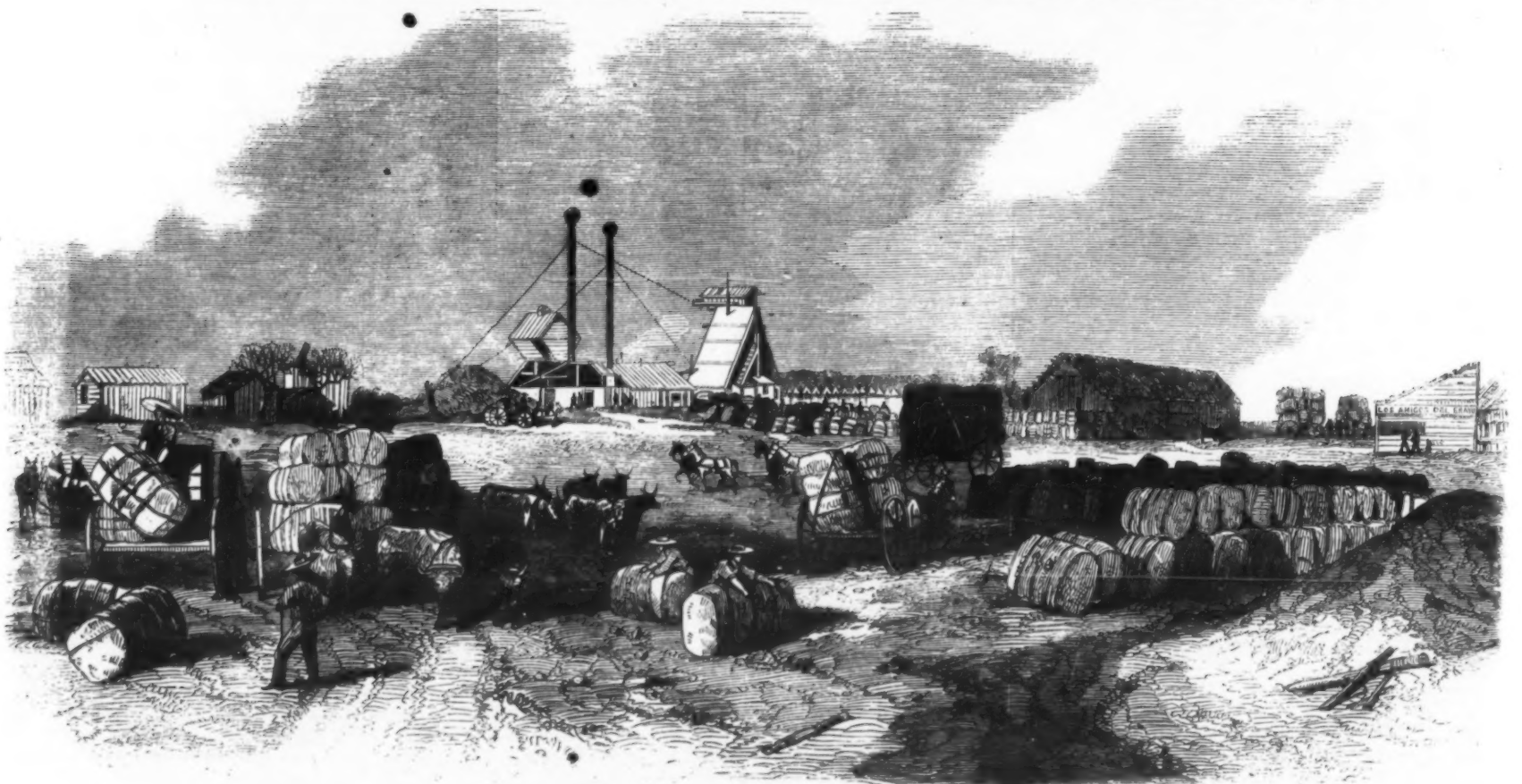
**SHOULD BITTER BEER BE TAKEN BEFORE OR DURING MEALS?**—For some time past I have been of opinion that bitter beer, which is now in very general use, possesses the property of suspending or retarding the process of digestion if taken during a full meal, more particularly with meat diet. If it be true that the process of digestion is allied to that of fermentation, may we not infer that whatever possesses the property of arresting fermentation may also arrest or retard digestion? We know that hops, when added to beer, especially in excess, prevents the liquor from passing so readily into acetous fermentation; and I believe Liebig informs us that bitters, opium, tobacco, essential oils, &c., also possess the same property. It therefore becomes a dietetical question whether doctors should recommend patients to take bitter beer (the bitter principle may not always be hops, but something more objectionable) during a full meal on meat diet, or whether such beer should be taken before dinner as an ordinary tonic.

A SHOPKEEPER purchased of an Irishwoman a quantity of butter, the lumps of which, intended for pounds, he weighed in the balance and found wanting. "Sure it's your own fault if they are light," said Biddy, in reply to the complaints of the buyer; "it's your own fault, sir, for wasn't it with a pound of your own soap, I bought here myself, that I weighed them with!" The shopkeeper had nothing more to say on that subject.





EXPLOSION OF THE POWDER BARGES HENDRICKS AND GENERAL MEADE AT CITY POINT, VA., AUGUST 8.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. F. MULLEN.



OUR MEXICAN FRONTIER.—COTTON PRESS AT PIEDRAS NEGRAS, ON THE RIO GRANDE, THE CENTRE OF THE REBEL TRADE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BOWWILL.



## MERCY.

An angel lit on the vesper star,  
When the red sun sank to rest,  
And her robes were white as virgin snow  
On the moonlit valley's breast.

A diamond wand in her right hand bore  
A brodered banner rare,  
And she sighing looked on the scene below,  
Through the brown of the dewy air.

One by one young planets winked  
Through the veil of the twilight sky,  
Like the stolen glances flashing sent  
From a harem beauty's eye.

The raging crescent's trembling light  
Fell sadly soft and mild,  
And the world beneath was stilly calm  
As the soul of a sleeping child.

The robin hopped along the path  
Nigh tame as tame may be;  
The black bat flitted close'y by  
From the shade of the linden tree.

The drowsy daisy had closed its lid,  
The forest birds all were mute,  
And the stream crooned sweet on the listen-  
ing ear,  
As the notes of a chanted lute.

"I've seen the cannon's sullen mouth  
Point straight to a breast of crime,  
But the bloodless ball hissed far beyond,  
For a mother had asked in time.

"I've seen the blackened chasm yawn  
For a ship on the foam-rimmed wave,  
But the wild surge shrank like a frightened  
thing  
At the prayer of the wilder brave.

"I've seen the lightning's forked flame  
Dart down with a mission to slay,  
But the maiden's cry up quicker came,  
And the fire-lance turned away.



"There is love even yet for the guilty of  
earth,  
There is joy for the penitent's tear,  
O God! that the ensign of havoc should  
float  
And the rivers run ruddily there.

"Your spirit, vain man! should be dove-  
like and pure  
As the fount of the jewelly rill,  
But the gates of your Eden so passing fair  
Ope wide to the serpent still."

The seraph said, and unseen away  
Flew back to the realms of light,  
And the evening star waxed brighter then  
In the gloom of the gathering night.

## A RING TO WEAR.

BY CATHARINE EARNshaw.

## CHAPTER I.

It is four years since I last saw Christine Lindsay. Knowing the hopelessness of my love, I still possessed the dear knowledge that she had once loved me even as I still loved her. I could not strive for the nepenthe of other affections or fancies, for to my heart 'twas sweeter for her despairing than a triumphant life with any other. Every scene of splendor or beauty brought her more vividly to my memory, and now, as I leaned from my window, I seemed to be standing again by her side. Ladies and gentlemen were promenading on the piazza below my window—their voices rose in the murmurous music of society in modulated tones. I listened without hearing, wondering if they were as happy as they seemed. The summer season was getting to its height, and every coach to-day had brought some new arrival. I had come from Havre but a few weeks before, and was interested in learning the ways of America's life.

"There's the last carriage from the boat," some one on the piazza remarked, as a carriage wheeled into the approach.

"There's not another boat to-night, is there?"



BRIDGE OVER THE MATTAPONY RIVER, NEAR MILFORD STATION, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.

"No; thank fortune. At this rate of arrivals, somebody would be obliged to leave. If this is a big hotel, Lloyd can't store many more away."

"Don't grumble," said the other voice; "these last new-comers are an addition to our society, I assure you. If this moonlight doesn't deceive me, the people alighting from that carriage are the Melvane party whom I met a month ago in Newport. Yes, I am sure. We'll see them at breakfast, and if you say so, I'll present you."

"And who, pray, are the Melvanes?"

"Don't know exactly—they are not Americans. They are very rich, I'm quite sure of that."

Here the two young men walked out of hearing. It was the only connected conversation I heard from the piazza, so I happened to remember it. But it had passed from my mind long before the next morning, and was only recalled by a remark made to me by Felton, one of the gentlemen whose words I had overheard. He sat beside me at table, and asked, after a desultory talk of a few minutes:

"Mr. Standish, has it happened that you have ever met with the Melvanes in your travels?"

"Never, to my knowledge; why do you ask?" I replied.

"Oh, simple curiosity, that's all. They came here last night, but I don't see them at breakfast. They are English, or Scotch, I should judge, and most aggravatingly exclusive. I believe you English always are."

"I won't discuss that," I said, smiling, "for I am not English—I am Scotch."

"Not English!" cried Felton; "I could have sworn you were. Why, Standish is pure English."

"Yes, I know it," I said, feeling the old cloud of my life settling over my face.

Felton looked towards the door which had just opened. An elderly lady and gentleman entered.

"Ah, there is Mr. and Mrs. Melvane. How un-

fortunate that the star of the party, their ward, remains invisible. I wonder if they will recognise me?"

While my voluble companion rattled on, I looked up at the table where the new-comers had taken their places. They were entire strangers to me, and I only gave them the interested glance that a man gives to fellow-countrymen whenever he sees them in a foreign land. Their look was unmistakably Scotch, of the educated, upper class. Resolving that I would introduce myself to them on the plea of a common nationality, so soon as an opportunity occurred, I went on with my breakfast, listening with placid interest to the talk going on round me.

I was absent all that day. I went out, as I had done several times since my arrival here, alone in a little rowboat. The sea was glowing with sunset gold as I at last left my boat and walked up the sands to the house. Instead of going up the broad gravelled way I passed through a small oak grove that formed a part of the grounds of the hotel. I walked listlessly, with bent head and hands clasped behind me. The path I took wound deviously, and passed behind a little grapevine arbor. When I came close to this I saw the gleam of a lady's hand from between the broad leaves. Some one was half reclined the other side of the lattice, and had passed her hand through the greenery. All I could see was that snowy hand—not rounded as fine ladies' hands are, but with slender fingers, a shape betokening intellect and power. With a suffocating cessation of the pulses of my heart, I had recognised that hand, for whose honorable possession I would give my life. On one of its fingers burned with coal-like fire the ruby ring I had placed there years ago. I stood still, half panting with the suddenness of the recognition. Self-indignant that I had not more con-

trol, I governed my accelerated pulses and walked on up the path. I had hardly taken half-a-dozen steps before Felton called to me. He was leaning against the entrance to the arbor; he said:



HAPPY MOMENTS.

"Have you become a wood-or-water-sprite Standish, that you have deserted us to-day?"

His tone indicated that he wished me to stop, but I continued walking, and answered:

"If I have been transformed it is only into a priest of Neptune. I've been on the sea all day."

"Well, come back and tell us about it—or are you in the first stages of starvation? You must be, unless you devoured your fish uncooked."

Thus called, I turned back. Had the girl in the arbor recognised my voice, or had she, with woman's prerogative, forgotten it as a thing of a never-to-be-recovered past?

I stood at the arbor door, and glanced at her face as Felton said:

"A fellow-countryman, Miss Melvane—Mr. Standish."

As I had so often in visions seen Christine Lindsay so she stood before me now. Paler than when I had seen her last, with less of impulse and more of coldness in her face; her mouth showed somewhat of habitual self-restraint, and some would have called it haughty; the purple darkness of her eyes gleamed royally as ever.

She bowed distantly yet graciously, and as sat down she let the folds of her handkerchief over her left hand. Was she afraid that again presume to cherish high hopes because still wore the ring she had promised to Had she come to wear it as a task, only for sake and not for love? To think that she ceased to care for me gave a more dreadful than to know that she could never be mine. Shall not be bored by any obtrusiveness on my part, I thought. Felton sat down opposite her, but I remained standing. It was evident that he thought this our first meeting, indeed there was no reason why he should not.

"Have you been in the States a long time, Miss Melvane," I asked. "If I understood Mr. Felton, he said you are not American."

"No; I came to Boston some six months ago, so you see I have not been here so long but that I sometimes feel a pang of homesickness."

The old, familiar music of her voice, the old enchanting endearments of her presence; and I was talking with her like a stranger. I wondered if I should ever accustom myself to this intercourse.

"You still are true to your old love of health and



THE RING RECOGNISED BY ITS GIVER.



mountain then?" I said. "You seem to disprove the doctrine that, for a woman, it only requires absence to induce forgetfulness." I did not speak bitterly, only in the quiescent tones of one stranger to another.

Involuntarily, and it seemed unconsciously, she raised her handkerchief to her lips, thus showing the subdued sparkle of her ring. She replied: "Mr. Standish can hardly be a Highlander, if he says a Scotchman can ever forget."

"I beg your pardon," I returned, "I only suggested that possibility; I know full well the Gaelic tenacity, I believe I share in it, as I certainly have a right to do."

I stood at the door, half resolved to walk abruptly away. She spoke again, and I listened with downcast eyes, half imagining I stood with her again in her father's house by the heavy rolling sea.

"And you—have you just left Scotland? Have you any news from home?"

I looked up and said, with frigid tones: "I, Miss Melvane! I am self-expatiated. I have not been in Scotland for four years."

She turned slightly pale, her lips trembled; she did not reply, and I went up to the house, leaving Felton to prattle to an auditor who I felt confident would not understand what he said.

Several days passed, during which I only saw the Melvanes at table. I was favored with invitations to join several excursions; being told by Felton, as an inducement, that Miss Melvane was going. Though I did not absolutely decline, still I did not go.

At last Felton declared I was ungallant, and a bear. Any other man would be delighted, he said; they were so exclusive, he wondered that they had recognized him. Meanwhile, I was trying to imagine why Christine had dropped her own name—that of Lindsay—for which I knew her to have a strong hereditary family pride. I wondered if some dreadful thing had happened to the Lindsays—were they dead, or dishonored? and so the heiress had for ever cast from her that endeared name for the less ancient one of her uncle Melvane. When I had last seen Christine at home she had worn about her neck the Lindsay chain which the heir of her family always preserved as the token of their implacable hatred to the Drummond clan, with whom they had been at feud since the memory of the oldest Lindsay—for tradition had handed the quarrel from father to son.

Since Christine had been with me at the same hotel, her presence had unavoidably recalled still more vividly, if possible, that time of enchanted, mutual love, before it had been discovered that I was one of the detested race of Drummonds and that henceforth, for ever, there would be an insuperable bar between me and the woman I loved. Though I fled from this paradise from which I was excluded, I could not bring myself to take the name which belonged to me by birth and blood. I preferred the name by which Christine Lindsay had called me, and so I relinquished to my unknown younger brother the rights of Angus Drummond.

Sitting alone on the sands, hearing the monotone of the waves on this strange American coast, I imagined and lived again in sweet idleness those times when loch and brae were dearest sights in the world to me, because I saw them with Christine. Sometimes from the rocks or in a boat near the shore I heard her voice in laugh or talk with some pleasure party, and the sound melted into my dreams and made that memory of the past more real for a moment than this hopeless present. How inexhaustible seemed our fairy mine of joy. But, suddenly and fiercely as fairy wraith, our joy had fled, our sky was clouded, and I a wanderer over the face of the earth. So the thoughts ran into each other as I lay in the shadow of a rock on the beach, one afternoon in August. One arm was bent over my face, and with my eyes on the blue above me, I listened to the roll of the blue at my feet.

A shrill voice near me caused me to start slightly.

"My!" it said, in subdued treble, "here is a man asleep. Do you know him, or must we leave this shady place just as soon as we find it?"

The voice of Christine replied in a low tone:

"It is Mr. Standish, who is stopping at the same hotel with us. We won't disturb him."

I rose to my feet. "I beg you will not leave because I am here, Miss Melvane," I said. "I will not frighten you, if you'll let me stay, or if you desire it, I'll depart."

"You will displease me greatly if you go away," she replied. "We are not princesses, to drive people from a chosen solitude. We are the intruders, Mr. Standish."

She stood tracing characters with her paracel in the sand as she spoke. The warm glories of this summer day had tinted her olive face with a faint crimson, and given to her eyes a languid fire that answered back to the splendor of sky and sea.

"We never consider a happiness as an intruder," I said, with more the air of a gallant compliment than I had intended. She turned her eyes from the water to me with an air of cool surprise, that I fancied, in spite of its coolness, had a little of grief in it; then she looked towards her companion and presented me to her. An airy flutter of ribbons, smiles and kindness, Miss Gervase, from Boston, greeted me with superabundant good will, and while Miss Melvane strolled along the sands in the shadow of the rocks, we chatted together of route and theatres till I felt as if I had been decorating the solemn minstrelsy of the sea.

At last Christine returned and stood by us; there fell a silence between us, broken by Christine, who said to Miss Gervase:

"Dora, if you have satisfied your exploring desires we will go back, for I don't fancy a solitary supper."

The two girls started off towards the pebbly path, down which they had descended to this sheltered nook. Some undefined feeling that they

might not want me prevented my accompanying them. I leaned back against the ragged iron-hued rocks and listened to their retreating footsteps, and watching Christine as she walked over the stones. Still musingly looking at the point of rocks round which they had disappeared, I was surprised to see them return, Miss Gervase, in advance, walking hurriedly. As they came near I noticed that the face of Miss Gervase was pale, it seemed to me with terror. I looked eagerly at Christine. Only the crimson tints had left her cheeks, otherwise she looked as when she had left me.

"Oh, Mr. Standish, what is to be done?" cried Miss Gervase, with clasped hands. "The tide has come in over the path by which we came, and we can't get up there."

For the first time I noticed that the water had risen into the gulleys of sand, and through a rocky gap, which, when they came, had been green with slippery seaweed and yellow with long, snaky kelp. I remembered the way by which I had reached this spot, and I said:

"There is no need for alarm—at least, I think not. If you are sufficiently hardy to return with me in the rough way I explored, we shall be able to reach the top of the rocks in safety."

"Any way to get out of this horrid place," Miss Gervase said.

Christine smiled, and remarked:

"What an adjective to apply, Dora! I think this the most picturesque spot I've found on the coast."

"Doubtless," was the reply; "I'll agree with you when I can view it from the rocks yonder. Till then, let me despise it heartily."

Meanwhile they were scrambling up the rocks, assisted by my hand and their own steady spirit. The path grew more difficult every moment. My nerves seemed steel, so strong was my purpose to conduct the two girls in safety. I was aware also of a feeling of triumphant joy that again Christine Lindsay was dependent on me for rescue. We did not talk, I only gave the necessary directions, and they responded only by actions. We came to a chasm; a huge, black rock, with the marks of centuries on its blackened surface, was cut downwards in the middle, split through more smoothly than human hands could have done it. It formed a gully so wide that I could just conveniently leap across it, when I came down to the sands alone. Could I ever get the two girls over? Afar down the barnacled sides, in the miniature ravine at the bottom, the water came in, in thunderous claps that seemed to shake the coast, and that sent the spray up over us in blinding beauty, making the rocks glow with slippery sheen.

We stood a moment on the verge, with the tide every moment creeping up the rocky points, that were covered with a rank growth of seaweed, weeds and moss. I waited to get full breath before I essayed the leap. Miss Gervase looked at me with terror-stricken face, but she uttered no word and made no scene, as I might have judged she would from our interview on the sands below. Christine stood a little apart, her face, with its parted lips and dilated eyes, fixed towards the fierce waters that came coiling and then rushing into their home in the stony gully. She looked as if some weird spirit had fascinated and was beckoning her to its home—as if she might have heard the music of Parthenope, and would throw herself into the sea for the sake of the melody she heard.

"Miss Melvane," I said, "will you try this leap with me? It is a necessity for us."

She turned towards me, her face glowing with some inward exultation.

"Let Dora go first," she replied; "then, if you want to come back, you may take me."

"If I want to come back!" I repeated, forgetting myself so far as to look for an instant into her eyes.

I turned abruptly from her, and cautioning Miss Gervase not to make an effort herself, I took her in my arms and jumped across. One false movement and we both should crash down over the century-hardened rocks, broken, dead. But I safely cleared the gap and placed Miss Gervase, faint and trembling, on the stone, and with an agile bound was back again.

Christine had not been looking at the waters then; that she had thought of nothing and looked at nothing but me I knew by the expression of her face. I extended my hands without speaking. She advanced a step towards me, and then her foot slipped and she staggered towards the chasm. My heart seemed riven by some horrible fate. I reached her side and caught her in my arms.

"My God!" I cried. "Christine, you will kill yourself, for all my efforts."

I trembled so that I hardly dared think of essaying the crossing again. She perceived the vibration of my frame, and withdrew herself from my arms.

"I have startled you," she said; "I was very careless. I will try to take more heed. I forgot where I was standing."

By a great exertion I brought back my nerves into the tenseness of action. I felt tempted to whisper to her, as I again held her in my arms, that I could not deplore a fate that should precipitate us into eternity so long as she was with me, but I said nothing. I took her safely over, and when we were sufficiently rested we walked back to the hotel. Miss Gervase uttered her thanks in a tone so true and womanly that I should have felt repaid had I done her a service at a greater risk. Christine remained silent till we reached the deserted piazza, then, as Miss Gervase entered, she turned to me and gave me her hand, her left hand, with my ring burning upon it.

"Mr. Standish," she said.

I held her hand in both my own. I waited for her to continue. Her face was averted, and I could not see her eyes. She stood for a moment thus, as if struggling to speak, then withdrew her hand and hastily entered the house.

That evening Miss Gervase spread the story

through the parlors, and for the hour nothing else was talked of. Miss Melvane, they said, was somewhat indisposed from the excitement of the afternoon. She did not come downstairs. I stood by the chair of Miss Gervase, that evening, interested by the sweet gratitude I saw in her beautiful face. I felt myself somewhat drawn towards her, because she had been with Christine, because I now no longer wondered that Christine had chosen her for a friend. Underneath the graceful frivolity of fashionable life I discovered the pure throbs of a kind, impulsive, womanly heart. I was so unconscious of the remarks my attention, coupled with the events of the afternoon, had caused, that I hardly understood Felton, when he said, as he bade me good-night:

"Confounded lucky thing of yours, Standish. Old Gervase is a rich old Beacon-streeter. I wish you joy."

I forgot his words without wondering what they meant. Afterwards I learned that he only expressed the gossip of the evening.

#### CHAPTER II.

WITHOUT, a fair, still night of summer, with stars burning warm and yellow, a faint, sweet wind that hardly stirred the tall beach grass, and that let the foam of the waves fall softly, without tossing it into spray. Such a night calmed my heart as I stood on the R—House piazza and looked away from the gaiety around me. Within there was the crush of a dance, the mazes of enervating, inebriating music, the heavy scent of heliotrope mingling with the perfume of newly kidded hands and the fume of sweet wines.

Leaning on the railing, I was suddenly aware of the fragrance of heather floating on the air. I turned quietly. Near me, but half screened by the national festoons of this festive night, I saw Christine standing alone, and looking, as I had been doing, out at the calm waters. It was not for me to resist going to her side and speaking to her. It was a fortnight since I had rescued her from the incoming tide, and I had hardly spoken with her since, though not a day had passed without interviews with her friend, Miss Gervase. I stood for a moment watching her. She seemed then to my warm imagination as beautiful and unattainable as a fairy princess. Her heavy garnet silk, the rich lustre of the gold she wore, increased rather than lessened her imperial Southern beauty. A blonde would have been overloaded thus dressed, but not an olive-hued and dusky-eyed brunette.

I stood by her side. There was snowy lace at her throat and over her neck. I looked in vain for the gleam of that Lindsay chain, whose accompanying vow had been so fatal to my happiness. A sprig of purple heather was in her hair, and in the fingers of the hand that hung over the railing.

She turned her faultless face towards me with a calm greeting. Her manner seemed like snow, soft and cold, but still not precisely repelling. The absence of her chain, for which I could not imagine a reason, gave me a nameless hope—a hope which I dared not own to myself.

"You are very fortunate in being able to procure heather here at a ball by the American seaside, Miss Melvane. Where in the world did you obtain it? Excuse my curiosity."

"It is very pardonable," she smiled. "I sent to Boston this morning for it. But see, Mr. Standish," she held the spray towards me, "it is only a frail houseplant, after all. It lacks the vivid bloom of our native shrub."

I took the flower in my hand.

"It is homesick, like you, Miss Melvane."

"I!"

She raised her eyes, brilliant and distant, to mine for a moment.

"You are very rapid in forming conclusions."

"Am I not correct?" I asked. "You are not aware how closely I scan your face. What other interpretation shall I give that inexpressible sad curve of your mouth, that droop of your eyelids when you are alone and at rest. You long for the home you have left behind."

The red of something like angry surprise flashed over her face. She looked for a moment out over the sea before she replied. Then her voice, instead of being indignant, was ironical.

"Mr. Standish has changed somewhat if he now finds amusing occupation in such objectless study of faces."

It was the first allusion, however remote, to the fact of her having known me before. My tone was as cold as her own as I replied:

"I do not study faces; I am no physiognomist."

I could hardly prevent myself from asking why the chain was absent from her neck. Still nothing but her own words could have made me speak of it. I still held her flower in my hand.

"Will you oblige me to return it?" I asked.

"Is the knight begging flowers of his fair lady?" asked a sweetly modulated tone behind us.

Miss Gervase stood near us, her sapphire eyes blazing with soft flame. Miss Melvane bent slightly forward, and said, in answer, to my question:

"Yes; if you please," in so distant a manner that I could have fancied the blossom, in despairing rage, at her feet.

I placed it silently in her extended hand and turned abruptly to Miss Gervase, saying, as I offered her my arm:

"You see the fair lady keeps her blooms. It must be that I am not a faithful knight—some wretched impulse prompted me to bend my head towards my companion and murmur the words: 'not faithful to her.'"

I placed my hand over the fair fingers on my arm as I spoke. The cold, serene manner of Miss Melvane had taunted me to it; I had no hope that in hearing those words she would be as miserable as the spirit that prompted me to utter them had made me.

I led Miss Gervase to the far end of the piazza; as we returned slowly we saw Christine standing,

with a proud droop of the head, tenderly fondling the flowers in her hand. She turned before we reached her and entered the parlors. Half an hour later, when Miss Gervase and I stood among the dancers, Christine was floating through the maze with starlit eyes and speaking face, listening with rare kindness to the whispered words of her partner, and her partner was the dashing, fashionable Felton.

His face bore evidence that he was under a more complete enchantment than I had deemed him capable of feeling. At last he whirled his companion near the recess where I sat with Miss Gervase. He stood over her chair, and in the pauses of our talk I heard snatches of their conversation:

"Yes," she was saying, in assent to some remarks of Felton; "they prefer the quiet of the evening to this heat. I left them on the verandah."

Felton said something and laughed slightly as he ceased speaking. I glanced at Miss Gervase, she, too, had heard their words, and her cheeks flushed as her eyes met mine. I wished to speak, but I could think of nothing to say. Again Christine spoke, this time with only the casual interest one takes in a stranger.

"Everyway worthy, I presume. Mr. Standish seems to be a gentleman. You say he is a countryman of mine, too, Mr. Felton; if such is the case I ought to be assured of his superiority."

She laughed. I could not hear Felton's reply, but from his tone he must have murmured a compliment.

I begged Miss Gervase to dance with me, and in a moment more we were gliding past the two whose unwilling listeners we had been.

So completely did Miss Melvane withdraw herself from me, that, had I striven to see her, I could not have succeeded. It was not my purpose to make any efforts towards interviews with her, and my reason told me that I should be glad she thus seconded my desire for self-restraint. Though she was every day in some excursion with me, though every night I saw her in the parlors, I was as far removed from her as though she was in Scotland and I in America. Had I been less passionately and hopelessly in love with her I should have left the place where she was, thus acting upon the dictates of my conscience. But how could I forego the happiness, dreary and unlighted as that happiness was, of looking upon her as she moved through the rooms and talked with her companions? I saw every movement of hers, though I might be apparently devoted to Miss Gervase.

Unconsciously to myself, I became the cavalier of Miss Gervase, never once thinking the remarks it might cause. I escorted her and her only to all places of amusement. I was not sufficient of an egotist to think that she might come to like me; I forgot that my rescuing her from that fearful high tide might throw a glamour over her eyes for me. In the sweetness of her heart I found the only relief I knew from the bitterness of the destiny that separated me from Christine, and that relief was only momentary and partial. Sometimes, in the darkness of my misery, I wished that Christine and I had never met again after that brief time of happiness for us both. Had I not seen her, I might have been comforted by the belief that she still lived.

How imbecile I seemed to myself in those days! Wretched where I was, and yet unable to leave. Vacillating between what I thought my duty and the inclination that gave me the poor pleasure of seeing Christine, though between us there passed no words.

A month since I had seen Miss Melvane at the R—House. Divided between my desire to stay, and the duty that pointed out a different path to me, I had at length resolved to leave and wander in search of the apathy which seemed so far off. I would give myself a few more days of life in the presence of Miss Melvane, but next week I should leave the seashore. I would shut from my life the fair imaginings that only rendered me morbid and unfit for even the life of a man of wealth and leisure. Had the country-seat of my family—the Drummonds—been in any other part of Scotland than adjoining the estates of the Lindsays, I might have resolved to return and devote myself to the sylvan life to which my fancy inclined. But the thought of revisiting scenes of such dear reminiscences, with the brand of an exile on my heart, was too bitter to encounter.

These thoughts and memories brooded like dark winged birds over my soul as I sat alone in the grape-vined arbor of the hotel grounds. Looking out at the entrance with introspective and unseeing eyes, I was suddenly aware of a shadow at the door. Startled from my reverie, I returned to the present—but without moving from my position. It was the handsome, graceful form of Felton who stood there. His face was turned somewhat from me, and he did not at first notice that I was there. He held a small miniature in his hand, his eyes were on it, and in the tender curving of his lips I knew how the picture affected him. I was not so far off but that I could recognise in the picture the unrivalled lineaments of Christine Melvane.

How came Felton to have the portrait of Miss Melvane? Their friendship must be fast merging into a stronger feeling. This then was the enduring, the eternal love which was to outlive any separation. Could I forget Christine's face as she had told me how deathless was the passion I for the first time had called into life? It had become now quite imperative that I should forget. Unwilling to penetrate into the privacy of Felton's heart, I dropped the book I had not been reading and yawned. He turned abruptly, with indignance, but as he saw me, his expression changed; he advanced to my side.

"It is you then, Standish?" he said; "I was afraid it might be some of the tattling old dowagers round here, and I'm in a bad mood for them."

He sat down by me and absently took the book



that had fallen from my hands, turning over the leaves carefully, though he held it wrong side up. "You seem particularly glum," I said, clasping my hands over my head, and looking lazily at him, though it seemed as if my eyes must read his soul's most guarded hopes.

"Did you see the picture I had just now?" he asked suddenly.

"I saw you had a picture," I replied.

"It was a lady's picture," he said.

"Is it so very strange that the handsome Felton should have a lady's miniature?" I exclaimed. "Fortunate woman, I should say!"

"Don't laugh at me," he said, with nothing of his easy, graceful assurance. "Here, I don't mind showing you the picture, for if the original refuses me, I shall—oh, Standish, I shall be accursed!"

I was startled by the vehemence with which he spoke. I could hardly recognise in him the brilliant and seemingly care-free acquaintance of this watering-place. I looked at the shadow of the face he had placed in my hand. The midnight eyes and dewy, crimson lips of Christine met my gaze. I was not to be betrayed into a long look at that bewitching face, I instantly closed the case and returned it, saying:

"You are already favored if she has given you this."

"Yes, so I should think," he said, "if she had given it me. I just found this by the seat where Miss Gervase has been sitting; it probably belongs to her, and I shall return it to-night."

He did not resist the inclination to look again at the face. Even while I felt the torment of jealousy and despair, I could not but admit that I had never really admired this man till this moment, when I discovered how strongly he loved this woman so worthy of it.

"I have laughed at love," he said, at last, "because I thought the fleeting fancies I have felt were all I should ever know. Now, at last the grand passion of my life has met me. Do not laugh, Standish, when I tell you how I long to declare my love to her, and yet how I dare not, for fear of that dreadful possibility. Am I so very weak?"

He bent his face to his hands as he finished speaking; I put my hand on his shoulder.

"You know I am incapable of laughing at you, Felton. Do you wish me to tell what I think of the probabilities of your success?"

He looked up eagerly as a boy, but with all a man's earnestness in his face.

"Yes—tell me!"

"I can only say what I judge from her manner. Idling here as I have been, I have fallen into the habit of observing. I have watched you somewhat, Felton; it seems to my judgment that you will be accepted."

I would have said more, but I would not continue unless I could speak in the calm, cool tone in which I had thus far spoken. His face grew radiant at my words.

"I have sometimes thought," he said, "that she favored me more than others; but somehow I have lost all the egotism I ever possessed, and which used to serve me so well that I never feared a repulse in any matter. I wonder why it is?"

"It is very evident why it is," I said. "I prophesy a happy future to you," I continued, rising from my seat, for I felt that I could not longer sustain such a conversation. Felton rose and grasped my hand.

"Wish me success, Standish," he said.

I could not force myself to wish that another man might marry the woman I loved. I felt myself grow pale as he spoke.

"Don't you wish I may be happy?" he asked, for I stood dumb, strangely different from my manner a moment ago. I rallied and replied:

"I have prophesied happiness, is not that sufficient? Your love makes you exacting even to your friends."

He looked at me doubtfully a moment, then said:

"You seem very kind to me, but I don't think I understand you yet. For all your apparent frankness with me, I see I do not know you. However, I do not regret having spoken to you."

I returned the pressure of his hand, and said earnestly:

"Believe me, you shall never repent it."

He walked away, leaving me indignant with myself that I had not better control of emotions which should have been in complete submission. It was humiliating that I had lived all my life a man of the world, and still allowed myself to be swayed by thoughts of things unattainable.

I hardly saw Felton again for a day or two. I was shoving my boat from the sands into the water, preparatory to one of my solitary rowing expeditions, when Felton called to me from the ridge of the beach where he and Christine were standing. I paused in my labors and the two came down to me.

"What in the world are you going to do with that little shell?" Felton asked; "it's not large enough for one, is it?"

"I'm going to take my last row, for I leave the day after to-morrow."

Christine, who was turning over shells with her foot, did not pause in her occupation or look up.

"To leave!" exclaimed Felton, "that's very unfortunate; we reckoned on you for one of the managers of our excursion inland this week. You'll postpone your departure of course?"

"Impossible!" I said, decidedly.

"Miss Gervase will persuade you," he replied, with a laugh. "I wish your boat was larger, Standish, for Miss Melvane and I were just saying we had never been in a row boat on the ocean. She thinks the sense of nearness to Neptune would give a delightful feeling of insecurity."

"My craft will carry just two," I said, "is it useless to leave it to your own agreement whether one of you shall go?"

"Is it perfectly safe?" Felton asked.

"Oh, yes—entirely so."

"I'm going to try the original method of a 'toss-"

up" said Felton, "provided you will acquiesce in the decision, Miss Melvane, and further provided that you'll return to the hotel without an escort if I win. Is it agreed?"

He turned his gay, animated face to hers with an expression hard to resist. She looked cold and somewhat distant, but she said:

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"Your emblematism shall be the Indian's head," he said, tossing a penny in the air.

I could not be an indifferent spectator. Though I expected no pleasure, even if Miss Melvane should be my companion, yet I felt a wild hope that I might be once more alone in her presence, and when Felton cried:

"I have lost, and you have won!" I felt such a vibration through my frame as only Christine could cause. I glanced at her face. Her eyes were soft and sweet, but her mouth was curved in the set lines of resplendent pride.

"I fear this expedition is unpleasant to the lady," I said; "I will excuse her attendance if she wishes it, though her presence would give me great pleasure."

"I avail myself of no excuse, Mr. Standish. If you will take me out, I shall like to go."

"I am ready then," I said.

She took my extended hand and seated herself in the boat. I shoved off, feeling that once more I held in my hands the life of Christine, even as I had done years ago in the defiles of Glen Darroch. I tried to take all the comfort I could from that thought. But it was hard to have her thus sitting near me, we two alone on the water, and between us the insuperable wall of a deadly family feud. Without that barrier there rose the brilliant face of Felton to mock unconsciously at any shadow of a hope I might have.

"You do not know but I am a very unskilful boatman, Miss Melvane; yet you trust to my guidance. I should feel very grateful, for to believe that one places confidence in me is one of the happiest feelings."

I had resolved I would for this hour pass her cool reserve, I would not now seem like the indifferent stranger I had appeared during her stay at the shore. She looked up with softened mouth and eyes, and said in her most melodious tones:

"Then let me be the one to inspire in you one of your happiest feelings, for I trust in you entirely."

My eyes flamed, my lips grew hot with the words. I wished to speak, but she turned away with an unmistakable look on her face, which said, "thus far and no farther." I only said in a constrained voice:

"You are very kind, you know that I appreciate your kindness."

An unhappy silence fell upon us. Miss Melvane sat leaning over the boat's side, trailing her hand in the water, till the drops of the emerald sea turned to blood as they gleamed on the ruby on her finger.

Meanwhile the sun was sinking in the sky, fast nearing the western horizon. I rested on my oars, and looked across the water over the softening landscape towards the departing sun.

Miss Melvane said, "Mr. Standish," I turned towards her. Her hand was raised slightly and extended towards the west to which I had been looking. She repeated in a musical monotone:

"Above the sea, beneath the sky,  
Suspended 'twixt two worlds of bliss,  
Our slumberous hearts shall pulse and lie  
Reclined upon this dear Idleness;  
Our fancies fly with you curlew,  
Or poise on foam with that seamew."

So drift we on in royal state  
Over this gleaming amethyst,  
Till out by the sun's fair Western gate  
Waved the golden evening mist,  
And brought to our wistful, yearning eyes  
A glimpse of our longed-for Paradise."

Her voice had murmured into the silence; it ceased, and she bent again over the side of the boat.

"That is not an improvisation, is it, Miss Melvane?" I asked.

"Oh, no, I was quoting."

"The song of some languid lover afloat with his lady-love, I suppose?" I said.

"No; the song of one friend to another. Shall we go back now, Mr. Standish?"

For reply I turned the boat in shore. As the keel grated on the sand, Miss Melvane waved her handkerchief to some one walking at a little distance on the beach. I looked up, and Miss Gervase bowed to me.

"Has she become reconciled to your departure?" Christine asked, lifting her skirts and stepping from the boat.

"She does not yet know that I am going," I replied.

"You are competent to console her, so I need not feel troubled for my friend. Thank you for my row; I have enjoyed it very much."

She gave me a little gracious bow, and walked up towards the hotel. Miss Gervase was standing with a group of ladies and gentlemen. I felt almost sure that she would like me to join them, but the remarks Miss Melvane had just uttered made me half unwilling to do so. After two or three hesitating steps in a different direction, I advanced towards Miss Gervase. The slight, pleased smile with which she greeted me soothed my perturbed spirit. Unconsciously to myself I led her apart from the rest, and we two walked alone to the hotel. For some reason I did not mention my intended departure to her then. I talked on with reckless haste, till, as we mounted the steps to the piazza, Christine came forward to meet her friend, then I bowed to both and walked away.

In the evening I should receive the farewells of my acquaintances, for I started early the next morning. In the evening I would endeavor to thank Miss Gervase for the kindness she had shown me. I thought of this as I sat in my room awaiting the supper-bell; then everything was merged and overwhelmed in the thought that

to-morrow I should again be speeding away from Christine, this time with no assurance of her love to console me. Feverishly throwing such thoughts from me, I walked to my window and leaned out, cooling my unhappy spirit by the sight of the everlasting ocean. In a moment, Christine's voice came up through the open windows of the parlor, and all the grand calm the sea had given to me was gone.

I closed the window and sat down; to-morrow night I would be far enough away from all enchantment. I resolved that I would not stay below, that I would spend the evening in my room. I would receive the adieux of my friends directly after supper, and not prolong the farewells.

I descended when the bell rang, and met Miss Gervase in the hall. She sat beside me at table, and though she talked gaily of almost everything, she did not mention my departure, though half the people near us asked me questions concerning why I was going, and urging me to remain.

With the hand of Miss Gervase on my arm I sauntered through the parlors, offering my good-byes to those who chose to receive them. At last we advanced to Christine, who stood by the window with Felton.

"I came to pay my parting devoirs, Miss Melvane," I said; "join with me in the wish that we may happily meet again."

She did not raise her eyes; she extended her hand and replied:

"I do most sincerely unite with you in that wish. Good-bye!"

A moment after, Miss Gervase and I were alone on the gravelled walk. I told her that she had rendered my stay at the seaside infinitely more pleasant than it otherwise would have been. I offered her gratitude as heartfelt as any I ever knew, and I hoped we might meet again, and meet as warm friends as we parted now.

Till now I had almost forgotten the insinuations I had heard concerning the relations between my companion and myself. I had never possessed the vanity to imagine her particularly interested in me; now at our last interview I could not detect any interest beyond a friendly one. Though her voice was slightly constrained and somewhat cold when she answered, I had no reason to believe I had caused it.

"I am very happy to have amused you, or driven ennui from you, Mr. Standish," she said; "it would seem but fair exchange between us; a sort of payment for your assistance on the rocks."

She withdrew her hand from my arm, and said:

"Shall we not return to the house now? A happy journey to you."

She left me at the foot of the stairs, and I ascended to my room.

Shutting out the sounds of company below I retired at an early hour. Fortunately, I slept heavily; a dreamless sleep from which I was sorry to be awakened. I dressed hurriedly, and locked my trunk. I had still an hour to spare, and stood by my open window inhaling the invigoration of the salt morning breeze. My servant entered to take down my baggage.

"Don't let us lose the first boat," I said, without turning round.

"No, sir; there's time enough," he replied, and advancing to my side, he gave me a card, saying: "The lady wished me to hand you this."

Christine Melvane was the name on the card, and in pencil the words:

"Have you time to grant me a ten minutes' interview in the back parlor?"

I was more surprised than I could have expressed. Crushing the pasteboard in my fingers, I asked the man if the lady was downstairs. Receiving an affirmative answer, the next moment I was standing before Miss Melvane.

She greeted me coolly, seemed prepared for my surprised look, and then said immediately:

"I believe Miss Gervase to be one of my best friends. I certainly love her as such."

I bowed silently. Miss Melvane had been absently twirling the ring on her finger, now she ceased and folded her hands together on her lap.

"I know your time here is very short," she continued, "so I will be as brief as possible. You must understand that because I love Dora Gervase, I am interested in her happiness. You must know also that she has not the slightest knowledge of what I intend to say, and that she must never know. Mr. Standish—"

With a seeming effort she suddenly raised her eyes to mine and continued:

"Mr. Standish, judging from your manner, I certainly thought you loved her."

I could not restrain a slight start she dropped her eyes and said:

"And I am sure she loves you; that she is unhappy that you leave her thus. Had I not felt so assured of your reciprocating that feeling I should not have spoken to you."

I left my seat and walked to the chimney-piece. I leaned my arm on the shelf, and held my hand across my eyes. Now I could be assured that this woman whom I loved was wishing me to marry her friend. At last I said, but without stirring from my position:

"It humiliates as much as it surprises me to learn that you think Miss Gervase has an affection for me. I cannot but think you are mistaken."

"You must believe me," was her reply; "I am positive."

After a moment's pause she continued:

"You must not think me officious, but it seems to me impossible that you should not return that affection. I can hardly bring myself to believe that I am not to expect the entire happiness of my friend."

Her voice sank to a low tone before it ceased. I looked at her. She sat quietly in a low chair by the table; her hands as she had folded them; the ruby gleaming on her white finger. Her whole aspect to a casual observer was that of a sort of

interested quiet. That soft stillness stung me to fury. Only the irregular rise and fall of the tiny crimson rose at her throat showed that she was not as entirely indifferent as she looked.

Impelled by something irresistible within me, I turned fiercely towards her, and cried:

"I cannot bear everything! I have been hunted and wounded enough."

I paused, not because I had not words, but because they came too burning, too overwhelming.

"Mr. Standish!" she exclaimed, deprecatingly. "Let me speak now, once for all," I interrupted.

"It is not enough that I should love you intensely, hopelessly, that I should be separated from you by an eternal cruelty. All this I have borne, hoping, believing, that you still loved me, till I met you here. I had fondly hoped the love of a Lindsay might be as everlasting as her hate. You have said that you wished me to marry Miss Gervase, Christine!"

I uttered the last word as I saw the face of Christine gradually turned to me, with an expression as undefinable as it was thrilling. I thought she was going to speak, but she did not.

I went on:

"I have not thought of loving Miss Gervase; thinking of you has always excluded the possibility of such a thing, so I cannot oblige you. I hope you will not be very much disappointed that I am not in love with your friend."

There was silence for a moment, when she said, rising:

"You will please pardon and forget this conversation. Remember that I judge by your manner. I will not detain you."

Her voice was strangely shaken and sweet. I stepped suddenly to her side.

"Forgive me," I said, "but you have not worn the Lindsay chain since you have been here. Have you lost it?"

In the one sentence I seemed to return to the years gone by, to stand once more with Christine in her father's house.

A slight tremor came to her lips. She sat down in the chair from which she had just risen.

"I have no right to that chain," she said, "for I am not a Lindsay."

I sank on my knees at her feet. A future for which I had not hoped seemed opening before me. I took her hand.

"Have you always worn this ring only because you promised to do so?" I asked.

She withdrew her hand, and placed it softly on my forehead. Like a blessing it lingered there, and she said:

"I have worn it because ever since you gave to me I have loved you."

"And I am a Drummond," I murmured, looking into those dusky eyes that caressed me; "I am one of the forbidden race, and now it is you who have been mistaken in your lineage. You know I told you, you had not a Scotch face. Some time you must tell me the story; just now I only want to sit here, and know that between us there is no barrier, no gulf, that now we may love united, as we have so long loved separated."

After she told me:

"A story of romance, Standish," she said, "but the north of Scotland is fruitful in strange stories. I shall explain to you how justly I came by my olive skin and dark hair. You know that tribe of gipsies that have from time immemorial encamped on the common at the south side of the Lindsay estate. Cunning, covetous as ever any of her people, the nurse employed by Donald Lindsay was a distant connection of the gipsies on the common. The old tale of their craft, Standish. She placed an infant of her tribe in the cradle where the heiress of the Lindsays had lain. That child was the Christine who grew up so strongly tainted with all the prejudices of the genuine Lindsays, who wore their chain of hate with all their vindictiveness. By-and-by an old gipsy demanded money from Donald Lindsay in payment for a secret that concerned his house. The proofs were incontestable. Unhappily the real heiress died in her childhood. I need not tell you how terrible a blow this was to my father. I shall always call him so. Though he still loves me, I can never succeed to his estates; they go to her whom I have so long thought my sister. Mr. Melvane, who, if I had been the daughter of Donald Lindsay, would have been my uncle, has adopted me as his daughter and heiress, that is why I am with him here. I eagerly embrace the opportunity of escaping from scenes which recalled everything painful to me."

She paused in her narration, smiled a little as she said:

"And now, Standish, I am not a Lindsay, only Christine, the nameless gipsy girl. Do not forget your Drummond pride."

"Your warning is too late," I said, gaily; "besides, you have my pledge of honor," touching as I spoke the ruby on her finger.

She replied, and the tenderness in her voice atoned for my years of loneliness:

"My love, instead of a chain, I have now a ring to wear."

FRENCH PEASANT WOMEN.—Every human female—from mewing and puking infancy to decrepit age—wears a cap, and nothing else, on the head. Women carry most things on their heads, and they carry everything, and perform all the most laborious labors of rural life. In civilized Boulogne they carried the heaviest trunks from the ship to the custom-house, and again to the carriage. We saw them working in the fields and carrying home the harvest—breaking stones to macadamise the highway—and, along the highway, gathering, with their hands alone, into their aprons, the fresh dropped dung for manure. The leader, the driver, the rider, constant companion and co-worker of the universal donkey is woman; and, of course, she shows the effect of such a position in life. She is, however, always better and neater dressed than man, and seems to be as happy as a galley-slave in his song, or a negro slave in her dance. But her premature wrinkles and gray hair, and her ultimate decrepitude, show that her more delicate constitution was not made for such a task.

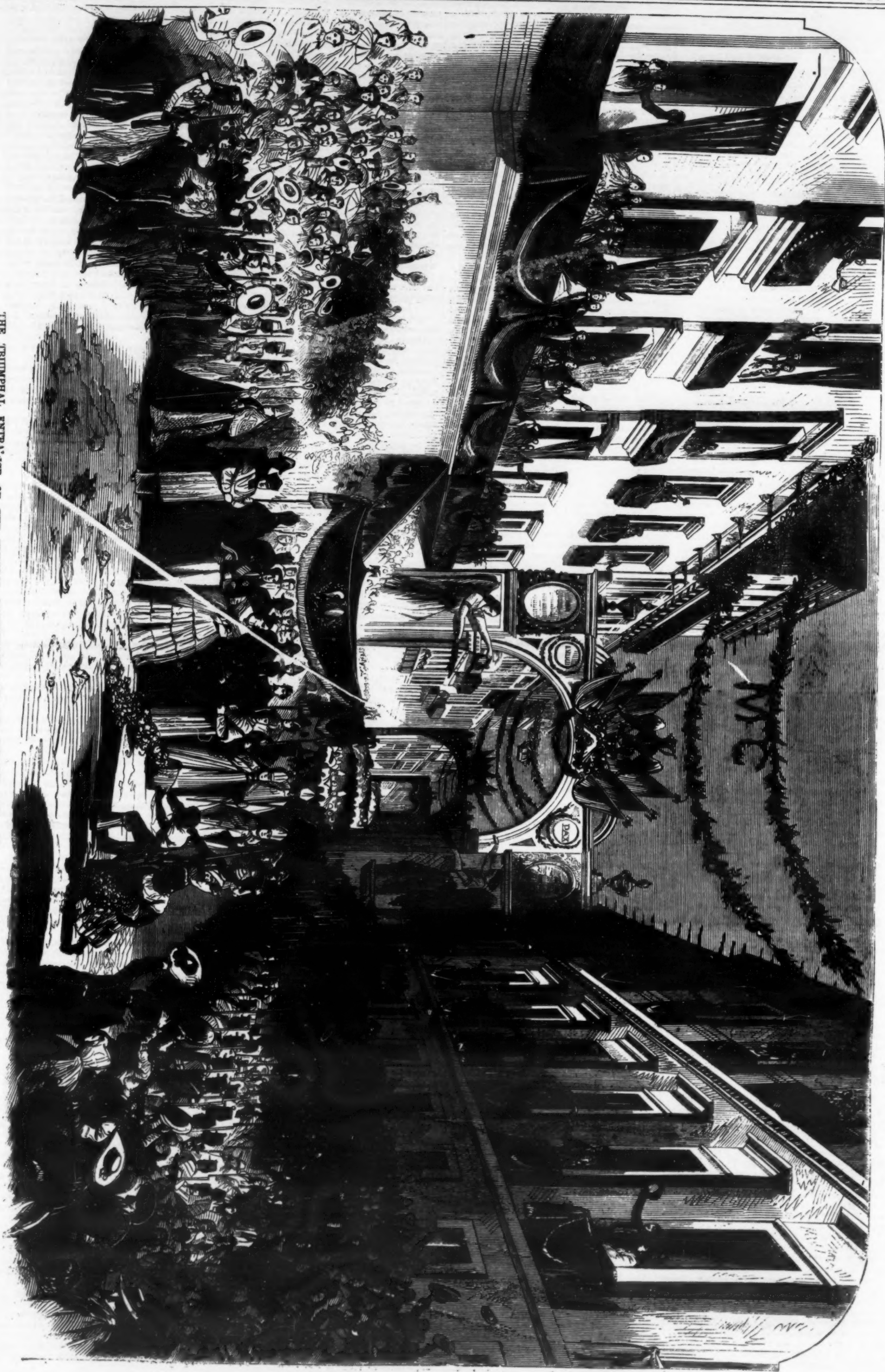




THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—BURYING THE DEAD BEFORE CEMETERY HILL UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE, AFTER THE REPULSE OF THE NINTH ARMY CORPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. F. MUMFORD.



THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRANCE OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN AND HIS EMPRESS INTO THE CITY OF MEXICO, JUNE 12, 1864.





## SWEET MEMORIES—RAIN.

How they splashed the window pane—  
How they leaped upon the plain—  
How they glittered in the dell—  
How they pattered, tinkled, fell—  
The drops of rain!

Oh, we've not forgotten quite  
Those sweet beauties brimmed with light!  
Gaily dancing, mad with glee,  
Kissing blossom, bush and tree,  
Soft drops of rain!

Will it e'er entrance again,  
Cooling, tinkling, falling rain?  
First a sprinkle, then a shower,  
With a dashing, drenching power,  
Great drops of rain?

## REMEMBRING.

Hearken, Spirit of the Rain,  
Send those liquid gems again—  
Now we lift our eyes to thee,  
Scorched, we have one only plea,  
For drops of rain.

All of blessing's in thy gift—  
What's in honor—what's in thrift?  
Sirius crimps us flesh and bone,  
Days lag on, and falls not one  
Sweet drop of rain.

Come, soft sprinklings, gently down—  
Bathe the sole and bathe the crown;  
Thousands join the fervid prayer,  
Burns it through this dogday glare,  
For rain, for rain.

## NINA MARSH;

OR,

## THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

## CHAPTER VI.—A DRAWN GAME.

A SOUTHERLY wind and a cloudy sky heralded in auspiciously the first grand meet of the East Luffshire hounds. There had already been some cub-hunting, but now the season was to begin in right good earnest, and sportsmen welcomed eagerly the promised pleasures.

Jack Dawes merely existed all the summer, but he began to live as soon as he might lift the gun to his shoulder, or guide his hunter across country at the risk of neck and limbs. Booted up to the knees, with sharp spurs at his heels and a red coat on his back, Jack stood this morning on the steps in front of his house, waiting until Anna should be pleased to appear.

"Now, then, Nan!" he kept bawling out; but, finding his summons had no effect, he delivered himself of a "Confound the girl!" not viciously at all, but merely for the sake of relieving his own mind. In another minute Miss Dawes joined him, looking remarkably well in her trim riding-habit and jaunty hat. Jack put the end of his whip into his mouth, and sounded an emphatic whistle, which was responded to in less than a minute by two grooms leading the horses.

Jack and his sister started very quietly, reserving their horses in order that they might be fresh for the grand business of the day. The hounds were to meet in Beechwood Park, the master being a brother magistrate and also a personal friend of Mr. Marsh's.

A breakfast of provisions sufficient to satisfy all comers and tempt all appetites had been prepared at the manor-house; but Jack Dawes felt too sure of meeting Lord Gillingham there to partake of this hospitality, and joined the other gentlemen on the lawn with his sister when breakfast was over.

Nina had never followed the hounds before, but, thirsting for some excitement to dull the gnawing pain at her heart, she had decided to accompany her father on this occasion. Mr. Marsh was not over-pleased with her decision, but he did not oppose it. He felt that she might possibly dare him, and, though he was realising perfectly how much of his authority had passed from him, he did not care to have it actively proved; so Nina had her own way, turning a deaf ear to Katie's supplications and her mother's fears.

Captain Marsh had heard her express her intention of following the hounds, and perhaps he had not believed she would carry it into effect, for he looked almost as much astonished as displeased when he met her in the hall that morning duly equipped, a bright red feather encircling her tiny hat.

"Are we, then, to have the pleasure of your company to-day?" he inquired, in a tone of very doubtful satisfaction.

"And why not?"

"Because I had hoped that you would do nothing of which you knew your father to disapprove."

"Or, rather, of which I know Captain Marsh to disapprove."

"No, I did not mean that. I am perfectly aware that I have no claim upon you; if I had, you may be sure I should speak in a more decided way. Did you belong to me, I would not permit this risk to your neck and your reputation."

"Your notions are so antediluvian," said Nina, scornfully. "Your mother must have been a sister of Noah's at least."

"Nina, spare my mother—remember she is dead," answered Cyril, in a tone of deep feeling. "Any light mention of her name is the worst pain you can give me."

"I am very, very sorry; I spoke without thought," said Nina, stretching out her hand towards him with something of her old impulsive sweetness. "You could not think I meant that?"

"Oh, Nina, why will you not be always like this?" he exclaimed, as he grasped the hand offered him with an ardor that was irrepressible.

"Why will you deny your better self—turning my love into passion one minute and into hatred the

next? Surely it cannot be necessary to try so many moods when this one becomes you so well. Nature has given you such a very sweet grace—a grace that may be always used without losing one shade of its gloss, one iota of its charm. To be taken into an honest man's heart, to be kept and cherished there with a love that is almost fierce in its fire and puissance—is that nothing to you, Nina? Can you stand alone, with no one to rejoice in your beauty because it is his own, and sanctified to the 'quiet uses of domestic life?' Nina, I tell you that you, above all women, are dependent upon love; that even as you shut your heart against it you yearn for it too. Do not turn aside cold and ungladdened by the blessedness of home and home ties. Do you know what old age is, standing shivering and desolate at the threshold of happier people, watching their joys without sharing them, longing to pluck the crown of maternity off their brows, because you are childless, and desolate, and sorrowful, with no husband looking on you as a better and dearer self, no little ones clinging about your knees and calling you mother? Nina, my poor child, you have been sorely tried and tempted, perhaps you may even have sinned; but I can forgive. You were so young, it was hardly your fault; you were imprudent. Say, child, am I not right?"

"Childless, and desolate, and sorrowful"—he had taught her in words terribly true what her future must be. She had no answer for his questions. What could she say? She only stood mute before him, her cheek deadly white even in the shadow of the red plume.

"Speak, Nina," and his voice was low and eager as he bent over her, until his blonde beard almost swept her cheek.

"What am I to say?"

"Say that you can conscientiously accept the love of an honest man."

She had grown suddenly calm—the calmness, and awe and despair of the prisoner listening to a judge pronouncing doom.

"I cannot answer you, Captain Marsh," was her reply, very coldly and quietly spoken.

"And I am to understand—"

"Nothing—or, rather, anything you like."

"And you can give up your future—"

"I must—to the past."

Her face had softened again as she spoke the last words, and there came a look of wistful tenderness into her eyes, almost contradicting her words. Captain Marsh was deeply agitated, his love and his pride struggling together in his heart as if they were sworn foes who had met at last. He was still bending over her, and she did not move, when Mrs. Trent's door suddenly opened, and she came out into the hall. There was an expression of pity as well as reproach in her face as she went up to Nina and said, with a firmness that sounded almost authoritative:

"They are all ready to start, miss; you had better go. Mr. Marsh has inquired for you two or three times."

Nina gathered up her skirts, stooped to recover her whip, which had dropped to the floor, and then moved swiftly away. When she disappeared Mrs. Trent turned to Captain Marsh and said, decidedly, but respectfully:

"Can I have a few minutes' conversation with you, sir, in my room?"

"I am almost afraid that if, as you say, they are going to start at once, I should be missed," answered Captain Marsh, with perfect courtesy; "but I can come to you this evening after the first dinner-bell has rung and the others have gone to their rooms."

"Thank you, sir; I shall not detain you long."

And Mrs. Trent bowed and re-entered her room. Nina was already mounted when Captain Marsh got out. The scene was a pretty one when viewed from the high step of the old Manor House. The impatient hounds were gathered in a knot at the furthest end of the lawn, and the red coats of the huntmen gave animation to the dark background of dismantled trees and russet shrubs. Nina formed a fitting centre to the group. Her beautiful cheek had gained a sudden flush of excitement and her lips were apart, whilst her plume swayed backwards and forwards with the motion of her head.

Captain Marsh turned from her with a feeling of shame that was almost loathing for the instant. He had no actual certainty for all his terrible fears, but somehow, looking at her there, sitting her horse with an ease that had something defiant about it, with that red glow on her face and strange wild gleam in her eyes, Cyril found it possible to believe that her silence under his questionings had owned a motive which he dared not misunderstand. If she showed herself sad and humble he was her tyrant; but the instant he could make sure that she was feeling any happiness not taken directly from him, if he saw her gladdening others by her smiles and enriching them with the memory of her sweetness, he was visited by such keen pangs of jealous rage that his heart within him felt like a bitter burning load of pain.

He mounted his horse, scarcely knowing how he got into the saddle, and spurred the poor brute till it reared and snorted with pain. At this moment Lord Gillingham, who had not joined the others at breakfast, as Jack Dawes had supposed he would do, came on the scene. His lordship was splendidly mounted, as he was sure to be, but looked terribly pale and worn, and held his reins in very tremulous fingers.

The hounds now galloped off with their noses to the ground and darted into cover at Grassmere Wood, about a mile further on. You could hear the soft whining of the hounds and the rustle and stamping of horses' feet amongst the dead leaves and tangled underwood. Presently a stout old Reynard was hunted out of her lair and darted through the wood and into some meadows of Mr. Marsh's, hotly pursued by the eager dogs, the huntmen close at their heels. Then the chase began in real earnest.

The poor fox was sorely pressed, but she kept up a brave heart all through. She never once

turned back to measure the strength of her enemies, or to scan their whereabouts, but kept steadily on, marvelling a little, perhaps, that what was death to her should of necessity be sport to them. If the injustice of this principle was made clear to her keen instincts, the knowledge merely generated a feeling of defiance which served to increase her speed. Perhaps, too, there was another thought in her mind of the plump chicken with which she would regale herself after her exertions, should she escape—tasting the sweetness of revenge at the same time that she gratified a somewhat fastidious palate. Certain it is that she began to distance her pursuers by almost imperceptible degrees, and presently the hounds were seen scampering vaguely in all directions, having lost the trace of their sturdy foe. The scent was not to be regained, and the huntsman, perceiving this, drew off the dogs to loud groans of disappointment from the crowd. But Reynard had escaped, and could creep back to her children at night and tell them of her perils; for is there anything, despised and hunted though it be, that has not a true and tender heart towards its own? The shelter of a mother's love is needful even for these, and I cannot tell how far we may be right in depriving them of it for our own amusement.

But old English sports, they say, must not be put down to humor the scruples of a few over-sensitive people who have more nerves than sinews, more heart than brains. So be it, then. Even Nina staunchly supported this doctrine to-day, in the excitement of the chase, and glowed with eagerness, like the rest, when another fox was found and pursued in its turn. A long, breakneck scamper over hill and dale, hedge and ditch, and the gallant brute was caught by the half-maddened hounds, whose fangs were soon reddened with his blood. The brush was resumed in time and proudly accepted by Anna Dawes, who was, as usual, in at the death. A few mangled shreds of the unfortunate fox were the only signs left of the animal's endurance and of the hunter's prowess, but it is to be hoped that, after the fashion of the day, some kinsman was found to edit his "Remains." The last run had been long and spirited, carrying them some eight or ten miles from home. The horses were panting, so were their riders. None of them cared to say that they had had enough, but there was a tacit acknowledgment of the fact in their jaded appearance. It was verging on four o'clock, and the short day was drawing to a close, a thick mist clung to the lowlands, and the deep moan of the autumn wind swept mournfully through the leafless woods.

The reaction that follows so speedily on any unusual excitement seemed to brood over the little party from Beechwood as they quietly wended their way homeward. Mr. Marsh and Colonel St. George rode some few yards in advance of Nina and her cousin. Nina was pale and listless, and drooped over her saddle as if thoroughly wearied by her unwonted exertions. Captain Marsh, for a time, copied her mood, and was also silent. He was not impulsive by nature. In speaking words of love to Nina, whom he could not respect, he, according to her assertion, backed by his own unflinching instinct, had been guided by some strange influence it filled him with dismay to analyse. We know that when a man speaks from passion alone he is apt to regret it a minute afterwards, and to feel, besides, a keen irritation against the person provoking this demonstration. Captain Marsh was just and discreet in ordinary cases; but here, where he felt so deeply, he could not reasonably. He had never been tried in this way before; and perhaps Aristides himself, had he been jealous and ardent by nature, might never have gained the title of "Just." It is quite easy to balance your sympathies conscientiously and to argue logically when you are totally dispassionate, but love is the test of great minds. It is when Samson finds himself shorn and helpless in the hands of a false Delilah that all the violence of his animal nature develops itself, and then revenge becomes to him dearer than life—sweeter than hope.

Captain Marsh was always pitiless after he had been betrayed into confessions which it stung him to know were so true and irrepressible. Nina's attitude was humble and dejected enough, but it gained her no quarter. Cyril kept his eyes steadily on her face, whilst he said, in a cold, measured voice:

"Mrs. Trent knows your secret."

There was a sudden bright flush on her cheek, fading as rapidly as it came; then she turned upon him, calm and white, but resentful.

"I have repeatedly informed you that I did not care for your interference in my affairs. You have taken a most unfair advantage of me once already to-day. Just leave me, and things concerning me alone for the future, if you can. You are nothing to me, and I am nothing to you. There are two sides to every road—leave me mine, and cross over to your own."

"But supposing I like your side best—"

"Then I shall take the liberty of reminding you that you are no gentleman, Captain Marsh."

"But there is room for two on the path."

"Not without jostling each other."

"Don't be uncomfortable on my account—I don't mind about being jostled," answered Cyril, in a tone of cool obstinacy.

"Then I do," returned Nina.

And, giving her horse a sharp taste of the whip, she cantered up to her father's side, and accorded marked and exclusive attention to Colonel St. George during the rest of the ride.

"Who won this time?" inquired Nina, bending down to her cousin as he pushed forward to help her alight.

There was a gleam of mischief and mockery, and triumph seductively mingled in her eyes, and the sweetest smile on her parted lips. She knew she was beloved; she felt her power; and, as she stooped towards him, the fragrance of her breath thrilling him through and through as it swept across his cheek, maybe she was realising, too, all the sweetness that may lie in revenge.

"Well, who won?" she imperiously reiterated. "Neither," he answered, withdrawing himself from her in resolute stoicism—"it was a drawn game."

## CHAPTER VII.—DARKNESS MADE VISIBLE.

It was with a feeling nearly approaching to eagerness that Captain Marsh prepared for his interview with Mrs. Trent. The ladies had retired to their respective rooms; so had Colonel St. George. Mr. Marsh was in the library, settling some accounts with his bailiff; the butler was busy in his pantry; so that the coast was left clear for Captain Marsh. He knocked at Mrs. Trent's door, and met a ready summons to enter. The housekeeper looked pale, but was calm and dignified, and the feeling of her superiority was so strongly recalled to Captain Marsh's mind that he forbore to seat himself until he had received an invitation.

Mrs. Trent probably understood his delicacy, for she handed him a chair, and sat down herself. Some women in her position would have considered it necessary to expatiate largely upon the liberty she had ventured to take; but Mrs. Trent had too much independence and self-respect to humble herself before any one. Captain Marsh would not have been there if he had seen anything lowering to his own personal dignity in confronting his uncle's housekeeper. She was a lady, so far as appearance and manner could make her one, and Cyril was too secure of his own position to make those critical distinctions which betray self-made men.

Mrs. Trent began the conversation in a tone of quiet simplicity.

"I know, sir, that you are not easily deceived, and therefore you understood that my interruption this morning was the result of a fixed design, and not accidental, as might have been supposed?"

"Yes, this much I understood, certainly, but I am quite in the dark as to your motive."

"Miss Nina is not free to accept any attention from you, sir."

"Is the obstacle moral or legal?"

"I cannot answer that question."

"Then you have put me more in the dark than ever, Mrs. Trent. I am convinced that Miss Nina does not perceive any legal barrier to an understanding between us, although she acknowledges to some moral impediment, which, at times, she allows me to hope may be surmounted. I am not apt to be over-expansive, Mrs. Trent, but it is useless trying to conceal that which you already know so well; only it seems to me, if you really wish to benefit either of us, you must be more explicit."

"Unfortunately, sir, I am so placed that a full confidence would not only be a personal injury to myself, but rank treachery to another. I must give my warning without explanation or comment."

"I cannot see my way out of all these mysteries, and they perplex and pain me. It seems to me that I might expect candor from my cousin, if not from you."

"There are some things that a woman never tells," answered Mrs. Trent, with a slight constriction of her firm lips.

"But you must remember that, in leading me so far and then forsaking me, you leave me prey to a suspicion which may be far worse than the truth."

"I can tell you this much, Captain Marsh: that Miss Nina is far more to be pitied than blamed—that her honor is stainless in the eyes of God. There may be something worse beyond, but with this I have no right to deal. She judges herself, perhaps, as no one cognizant of all the circumstances of the case would judge her. This is her punishment, and I devoutly hope that it may go no further."

"Is there any risk of this?"

"I hardly know; but I have felt for some time as if we were sleeping on a volcano which might any day break out into full fury. If that hour should ever come when you are by, remember that Miss Nina will have need of a stout heart and a strong arm to carry her through, and do not fail her in her greatest peril."

"So help me God I will not! And now, Mrs. Trent, before I leave, will you allow me to be impertinent enough to ask you two questions about yourself?"

"You may ask them, sir, but I cannot promise to answer them."

"Who are you? (I told you they were very impertinent ones) and what is your connection with Colonel St. George?"

"I am Mr. Marsh's housekeeper, and I have no connection with Colonel St. George."

"But—excuse me—I saw him here, in your room, the other night?"

"You have also done me the favor to enter my room, but any one cognizant of the fact would make a great mistake if he reckoned upon any connection between us on that account."

"Then Colonel St. George came to ask the same question as myself?" inquired Cyril, his curiosity overbalancing his discretion.

"By no means. He had known me in happier days, and it was some information relative to the past that we met to discuss. And now, Captain Marsh," added Mrs. Trent, who had fallen insensibly to the tone and manner of an equal, "it is already a quarter-past six, and Mr. Marsh dines punctually at the half hour; I am afraid you will hardly have time to dress."

"I am an old soldier," answered Cyril, with a faint attempt at a smile; and he went out from this interview, through which he had expected such grand results, not only disappointed, but more perplexed than ever.

Cyril had preserved the impression that Mrs. Trent and Nina were playing at cross purposes. The fault that Nina seemed most to imply Mrs. Trent had denied for her, whilst laying stress on another which all his penetration had not enabled him to discover. And yet, whilst all these miserable complications seemed to leave separate



stains on Nina's loveliness, Cyril did not blench at the thought of his simple, loyal bond with Mrs. Trent, and solemnly renewed his oath to be all and everything to Nina in her hour of need.

Captain Marsh had joined the family circle, and it wanted but two minutes of the half-hour when the door opened, and to the surprise of all, the butler ushered in Lord Gillingham. It seemed that his lordship's mare had cast a shoe and lamed itself somewhat early in the day, and, as it was a valuable animal, and a great favorite with its master, he at once alighted, and led it quietly to the nearest village. Here his lordship saw it shod himself, put it into the inn stables, and sent a man for his groom; but, getting tired of waiting, the earl, who was not the most patient of peers, finally settled to walk home.

"And now," concluded his lordship, with a frank *bonhomie* he knew well how to assume upon occasion, "I am fain to acknowledge that all my stoicism gave way at the view of your bright windows, and I, therefore, venture to present myself before you, trusting to the hospitality of Mr. Marsh and the indulgence of the ladies;" and he glanced apologetically at his top-boots as he spoke.

"Don't mention it," answered Mr. Marsh, with grave courtesy. "I am sure we all feel greatly indebted to your mare for breaking down so opportunely."

"Such a very pleasant surprise," murmured little Mrs. Marsh, scarcely conscious of her own insincerity. She was not apt to dislike any one, but Lord Gillingham, with his cold cynical smile, and sneering pleasantness, was her especial fear. She drew within herself at the mere sound of his approach. Harmless as she might be, if her harmlessness should inconvenience him, she had just penetration enough to see that even her sex would not save her. A gentle, dependent, timid creature like Mrs. Marsh might be murdered by harsh words as easily as others are murdered with poison or pistol, and she had always a shrinking sensation in his lordship's presence which destroyed all her comfort for the time.

Lord Gillingham was keener than most men, and he readily perceived that he was antagonistic to his gentle hostess. But this was a matter of no moment to him. She never ventured to have a will of her own, if she might occasionally indulge an opinion. Therefore he did not allow himself to fear that her antipathies would in any way damage his prospects.

The earl was unusually demonstrative to-night, having brought his intentions to that stage which necessitated no further concealment. He kept obstinately at Nina's side, his bold eyes scarcely quitting her face, and his manner so marked that it was impossible to misinterpret his meaning.

Colonel St. George watched his kinsman uneasily for a few minutes, then crossed the room, and planted himself on Nina's other side, nearly facing the earl. His lordship's welcome was a vicious scowl. At first their warfare was dumb, and only carried on by expressive signs. It was the old story of the dog in the manger—Colonel St. George had no especial relish for the bone until he saw it likely to be appropriated by another, and then he began at once to perceive that it was the one of all others to tempt and gratify his appetite. Nina heard the low grumblings of the rising storm, and began to tremble for her own security. Seated between the two combatants, it seemed very possible that she might catch, at least, a passing blow. In her extremity she cast a look of passionate appeal at Captain Marsh, without being able to define the influence that governed her.

Cyril's measures were always prompt and decisive. In a second he had crossed the room, and was standing in front of Nina's chair.

"My aunt is begging for a song; I am sure you will oblige her and us. The piano is open—pray let me lead you to it."

Nina rose quickly to accept his offered arm, but not so quickly that she escaped the shot launched at her adversary.

"I say, St. George, where's the marriage certificate?"

Nina came to a sharp halt, and her fingers tightened convulsively on Cyril's arm. Her companion also paused, and listened eagerly for the reply which his cousin was awaiting with a scared face and quivering pulses.

The reply came forth cool and scornful. "I have already told your lordship that, as a reward for the interest you take in my affairs and my morals, you should have a sight of the precious document. I shall do myself the honor of calling upon you to-morrow to wish you good-bye, and will bring the certificate with me, in order that you may examine it at your leisure."

The earl gave one of his cynical smiles, whilst Nina heaved a sigh of relief, and drew Captain Marsh away. A minute later Lord Gillingham quitted the room, refusing his host's pressing offer of a conveyance.

"That Captain Marsh is an impudent fellow, but he is not dangerous," reflected his lordship, whilst walking home as quickly as the tenderness of his gouty foot would allow. "It's quite plain that Nina doesn't care a straw about him, and it would only be through her affection for him that he could be inconvenient. But St. George must be got rid of, or kept under in some way; he's aiming at high game, it seems to me. But it will come hard if a coronet, and such settlements as I could offer, should not have more weight in a woman's eyes than a handsome person and an insolent demeanor."

His lordship entered the house at this stage, and turned sharply on the obsequious butler.

"Barnes, why wasn't a carriage sent for me?"

"We didn't know where to send, my lord."

"You might have guessed that I should go into Mr. Marsh's. It's a damned shame to have a set of people about one who can't imagine anything to save their lives. I pay you to think, by Jove! and if you can't think, you'd better go to the devil

at once, and have done with it! A donkey would serve me as well as you, if eating, and drinking, and braying are all I am to expect. There, just help me off with my coat, will you, if you are not too proud? I suppose I shall have to attend upon you soon. You're a set of confoundedly idle, sleek rascals, you servants. I'll clear the house and wait upon myself for the future."

Barnes kept a respectful silence. He was too accustomed to his master's unreasonable moods to let them trouble him much. The current threat of clearing the house was quite the favorite joke in the servants' hall.

"He's just bad enough to make him disagreeable," was Barnes's inward reflection as he opened the drawing-room door for his master. "He'll have some brandy-and-water presently, and then he'll be all right."

Lord Gillingham went up to the fire and began to warm himself, whilst Barnes waited silently at the end of the room. It was as much as his place was worth for him to move without orders.

His lordship kept him there a quarter of an hour to a second, then he turned round and confronted the patient butler.

"Do I take brandy-and-water of an evening, or don't I?" inquired the earl, in the tone of a perverse and irritable child. "If I do, get it; if I don't, what the devil's the use of your standing staring there?"

Barnes bowed low, then withdrew. In a few minutes he had returned with the spirit, etc., on a silver tray, and his lordship mixed himself a glass.

Then Barnes left him again. In about an hour he came creeping back on tiptoe to reconnoitre, and found his master lying full length in front of the fire, his head on a stool. So poor Barnes, who dared not go to bed and leave the earl in this dangerous position, replenished the fire, picked out the softest chair he could find, and passed the night watching the drunken slumbers of the prostrate peer.

### SWEET FACES.

CHILD-FACES FOUND US BEAMING,  
How wonderful they are!  
Although so common seeming,  
Yet each a perfect star;  
In every crowded city  
These new conceits have birth,  
And thoughts of God in pity  
Are thus express'd on Earth.

When Katie's face I'm viewing,  
If she's at work or play,  
Whatever she is doing,  
She leads my mind away  
To where bright birds are winging  
Swift flight from tree to tree,  
And songs to her are singing,  
Or so it seems to me.

There's Rose, a little lady,  
Now nearly ten years old,  
So quaint and so old-maidy,  
So shy, and yet so bold;  
In all she says so clever,  
In all she does so kind,  
And sunlight shines for ever  
Her gravest looks behind.

There's Annie, always smiling,  
I think she cannot frown,  
That smile is so beguiling,  
Oh! could I write it down!  
Oh! could I to these pages  
The perfect charm impart,  
To bind through all the ages  
The deathless human heart!

If one sweet face has vanished  
That seemed to us so Divine,  
From one delight we're banished,  
Yet are not left to pine;  
For freely in all places,  
As flowers from the sod,  
Spring up these childlike faces,  
So bountiful is God!

### A NIGHT OF TERROR.

A Tale of Night-Blindness.

BY H. HIND.

STOPPING at the beginning of a steep descent which led to the lake below, he leaned back, and turning to me, said in an excited tone: "I assure you, sir, it is a dreadful thing to be night-blind; it comes on you so suddenly, and you feel so helpless; you stand or sit still without daring to move if you don't know your ground, and you think all sorts of things when it first begins with dimness over your eyes. When it's well on you will wonder whether you will ever see the blessed light again. The cause of it I cannot tell you. The lumbermen, who are most troubled with it, have their own ideas on the subject; they may be right, but it's more in the line of you gentlemen to tell us the reason why the darkness comes over us. I can tell you though what being night-blind is, and how one feels who is smitten. Just as it begins to get dusk everything grows dim at first, and then of a sudden all is black—you can't see an inch before you—you might just as well be stone-blind; you are stone-blind, in fact, as long as the sun is away. It must be pretty light in the morning before you can see. First comes a glimmer, then a brightening, then a sudden light—it's just like dawn and sunrise following close together." "Do men suffer in any other way than being temporarily deprived of sight?" "That depends on circumstances. Some men are terribly put out; I mean that they get frightened and troubled at first, and even when they get night-blinded for days together, and as one would think, accustomed to it, they at times get nervous and ill at ease. We think they have something on their minds when they feel disturbed. It's lonely work I know. A man has time to think on the past, and he knows that he is seen and is watched by others—for a man's face is wild when he is struck—his eyes are wide open, and yet he does not see. He stares at you or over you, or as it seems beyond you, and without any meaning in his look. Some, however, always shut their eyes, knowing how strange their look is from what they have seen of others. But I'll tell you to-night how I felt myself, and a short time minutes will

bring us to the lake; it is growing dark, and though I'm not night-blind now, thank God, yet I always like to be in camp before it grows dark." After supper Laronde came to my tent and asked me if I was ready to hear him. Receiving a ready assent, he threw some birch-bark and dry wood on the fire to make a bright blaze, lit his pipe, and arranged a few spruce branches on the moss near the door of the tent; he then squatted down and began his narrative.

### THE NIGHT-BLIND VOYAGERS.

Two years ago I was lumbering on the Matawan, which flows into the Ottawa about a mile above Bytown, the place they now call the city of Ottawa, which the Queen has decided shall be the capital of Canada. Night-blind is a disease of the eyes not uncommon amongst lumberers in the spring of the year, and even after snow has passed away, so that you not must think it the same as the snow-blind. Men struck with this malady see perfectly well during the day, but the moment it becomes dusk they are totally insensible to light of any kind. Two years ago I was lumbering on the Matawan, and one of my comrades in the fall, and the best of friends, was a man named Jerome. I had not seen him for several weeks, and I met him at the mouth of the creek leading into the Matawan, as I was passing down in a canoe picking up the lodged sticks. [Pieces of timber squared by the lumberers.] It was late in the afternoon and I was thinking of hauling the canoe into the bush and going back to the shanty, which might be four miles away. Jerome was also on his way to the shanty, having cleared the creek down to the Matawan. For a week before, night-blindness had been growing on me; but I thought that as I should soon get out of the bush and into the settlements, I would get well at once—as most others do when they reach the clearings. I said nothing to Jerome about my malady, and after a smoke we crossed the river and walked slowly towards the shanty together, talking of what we had been doing during the long winter, and now and then stopping to have a smoke. As near as I can guess, we were about two miles from the shanty, in a rough country, up hill and down hill, with handsome pine, a yard through at the butt, all around us. It began to get dusky, and we both, without saying anything to one another, quickened our steps. I had no fear, for I thought that if my eyes became dark Jerome would guide, and he, as I afterwards found out, thought the same of me. The day had been hot and sultry, a thunderstorm was approaching, and from the hills over which we passed we could see it raining heavily in the north. We reached the Little Beaver Creek, and the crossing place low in a hollow between two hills—the tall pines overhead making it gloomy and dark. There might be three feet of water in the creek; but the current was swift, the crossing bad, and above and below was a rapid which no one could stem in the spring of the year.

In the middle of the stream there was a rock, bare, except during freshets. The river ought to be 30 yards wide there; but a mere brook in summer. We reached the creek and entered it together. Suddenly, before we got to the rock in the middle, Jerome stopped, and stretching out his arm, put his hand on my shoulder, and said:

"Tiens, Laronde; je ne vois pas bien." (Hold on, Laronde; I do not see well.)

"What!" said I, at the moment feeling the darkness growing upon me, "are you night-blind?"

"Yes; and have been so for three weeks. I did not tell you I was on my way to the settlement to get cured."

At that moment a flash of lightning shot across the sky; Jerome held my shoulder in a firm grip, but I felt him tremble. I looked and strained my eyes in vain.

"Jerome," I said, "I am night-blind, too; my sight is gone. I am stone-blind now."

We reached the rock, which was within a yard of us, and sat down hand-in-hand. Neither spoke for a long time; we listened to the stream gurgling past, and we thought how helpless and stricken we were. If we tried to ford the river it was just as likely we should go slanting off down the stream, and perhaps tumble against the slippery stones. Jerome said he could get across if he knew the river; but he had never been at this crossing in the spring, and the water was rising fast. I knew the stream would guide us in a direction that we might reach the shore; but if the current should sweep us off our legs, and we be carried to the rapid below before we could swim to the side, it would be a lost game then. We turned over those chances as we sat on the rock.

"What shall we do?" I said at length.

"We must stay where we are," he replied. "I have been caught before, but it was in the woods, near the shanty, and I heard the shouts and laughter of the men and groped my way. But here we can do nothing: we must stay where we are until daylight comes."

Another flash of lightning revealed all around us for an instant. The near thunder told us that the storm was approaching.

"Jerome," said I, "when the storm comes we can cross; the lightning flashes will follow quick through, and we can find the crossing."

It seemed a long time before the next flash came; and then we prepared to enter the water again in the direction to reach the opposite bank. Sitting on the edge of the rock, and waiting for the next flash, we both began to feel cold; the water was like ice, being nothing but melted snow. Jerome suddenly grasped me tighter, and said:

"The river is rising; we must make haste to cross, or we shall be on the rock all night."

Another flash came at length, and showed us that the river had risen at least eight inches during the last half hour, and that it would be dangerous for stone-blind men to attempt to pass. I suppose the rock might be six feet square on the top, but sloping, and I think it could not be ten feet above the bottom of the creek. Well, we got to the top and sat close together there. Flash after flash showed us how the waters were rising, and the increasing roar of the river became so loud that we could scarcely hear one another speak. Jerome is at best a quiet man, but now he scarcely spoke a word. Once and again he would bend his head down to the rock, holding on tightly to me, and at length he said:

"The water is rising fast; it is within three feet of us now. Let me grasp you while I try and reach it with my foot. I can touch it," he said, after a short trial; "my foot is in it now. God have mercy on us!"

He drew himself up again, shuddering, and we sat in our terrible loneliness close together on that small rock, in black darkness, with roaring waters rising fast around us. Fortunately there was no rain nor wind, and the storm was passing to the west of us. A flash of lightning showed us the moon shining, with some stars and silvery clouds, and then left us in darkness again.

"Now, Jerome," I said, "you never told me you were night-blind before; the storm is over, the water will not rise much higher, we must wait here till sunrise; tell me how you first came night-blind."

"I never liked to talk of it, or I would have told you all about it; it almost made me give up lumbering; it shook me so. Put your arm in mine; sit close. I will

put my foot out to mark if the creek rises, and it may please God that we may get through the night."

We sat for a long time without speaking, the noise of the river was too much for us. Jerome was just telling me that the water had risen to within two feet of the top of the rock. I was in the act of leaning forward to feel it, when something thumped heavily against the rock. Jerome felt with his foot, to see if it had lodged. At the same moment there was another thump, then a grating and jarring against the rock; something had rested on it, for the water curled up suddenly, and came within one foot of where we were sitting close together. We strained and pushed, and strained again, but we could not move the lodged stick. Just as we gave up all thought of getting it off, another stick came down, then another, and jammed against the one on the rock, pushing it across. Jerome screamed to me to step over the sticks and let them pass; he, still holding by my hand, did so at once. I tried and slipped, and fell between two sticks, just as they were being jammed together, and the arm was broken like a twig and the flesh crushed. Jerome heard me cry out, and thinking I was falling off the rock, pulled me back with all his force. The stick of timber slid over the rock, followed by the others, and away they went down the stream, while I sank almost fainting with pain into the water. Jerome pulled me back, asking me what was the matter. Suddenly I saw a light. The joy made me forget my pain.

"It's day again," I cried.

What a sight was then revealed around us! The timber from the upper part of the Beaver creek was coming down with the freshet. Several sticks had lodged on our rock, and it was a mercy we were not both swept away.

My arm began to pain me, and yet in my confusion I saw no way of getting off until the creek fell, which we knew would be in three or four hours. I was looking up the river watching the timber coming down, and nursing my broken arm, when Jerome cried out, "It's jamming at the rapid below, we shall soon get off." True enough there was a jam about fifty yards from us at a turn of the river, and near the head of the rapid. Jerome caught a good-sized stick. I held on to it with my sound hand and arm, and soon we were safely landed on the jam. We reached the shanty after the men had dispersed to work, but in the course of the day Jerome and I got a ride to the settlement, where I soon got cured of the night-blind and of my broken arm."

### EXPLOSION OF THE POWDER BARGES.

Hendricks and Gen. Meade, at City Point, Virginia, July 8.

We illustrate in this issue one of the most terrible explosions that as journalists we have been called upon to chronicle since the beginning of the war. The Hendricks, loaded with ammunition, was unloading about 15 feet from the wharf—about 100 negroes of the Quartermaster's Department being engaged. Nearly 100 barrels of powder still remained on board when she suddenly blew up.

The explosion occurred at a few minutes before 6 o'clock in the afternoon, and the greater portion of the white men usually employed in the vicinity were absent at dinner, rendering the loss of life much less than would otherwise have been the case. There were, however, several hundred negroes and a number of whites on board the boats and on the banks of the river.

The noise lasted about 30 seconds, and witnesses say the shock was felt a long distance on the side of the road.

In front of the landing were located a number of offices and stores, among them the Post Office and Adams's Express, which were almost utterly torn down, the larger number of persons occupying them escaping with slight bruises.

In the rear of this is a steep bank—as seen in our engraving—its summit being covered with huts, which are occupied chiefly by the colored laborers and their families.

Had the ground been level the loss of life would no doubt have exceeded that which resulted.

Shells, balls, etc., struck this camp in a perfect shower, while the ground in the vicinity is actually covered with all kinds of stores, a large number of old saddles and pieces of harness being amongst the debris.

Beyond this were a number of tents, a few of which appear in our sketch. In one of these, Mr. Wood, formerly cashier of Frank Leslie's establishment, was at the time, having left his horse at the river a short distance above. He was the only one untouched in the tent, and soon after reached his horse safely.

A boat loaded with stores was lying alongside and was blown to pieces, and another was torn out of the water and hurled through the storehouse on the dock.

The loss of life is not exactly known, but no less than 170 dead bodies were found, and from the fragments strewn around it is supposed that at least 300 perished.

Some ascribe the explosion to a rebel torpedo; others to the fall of a shell in the hold.

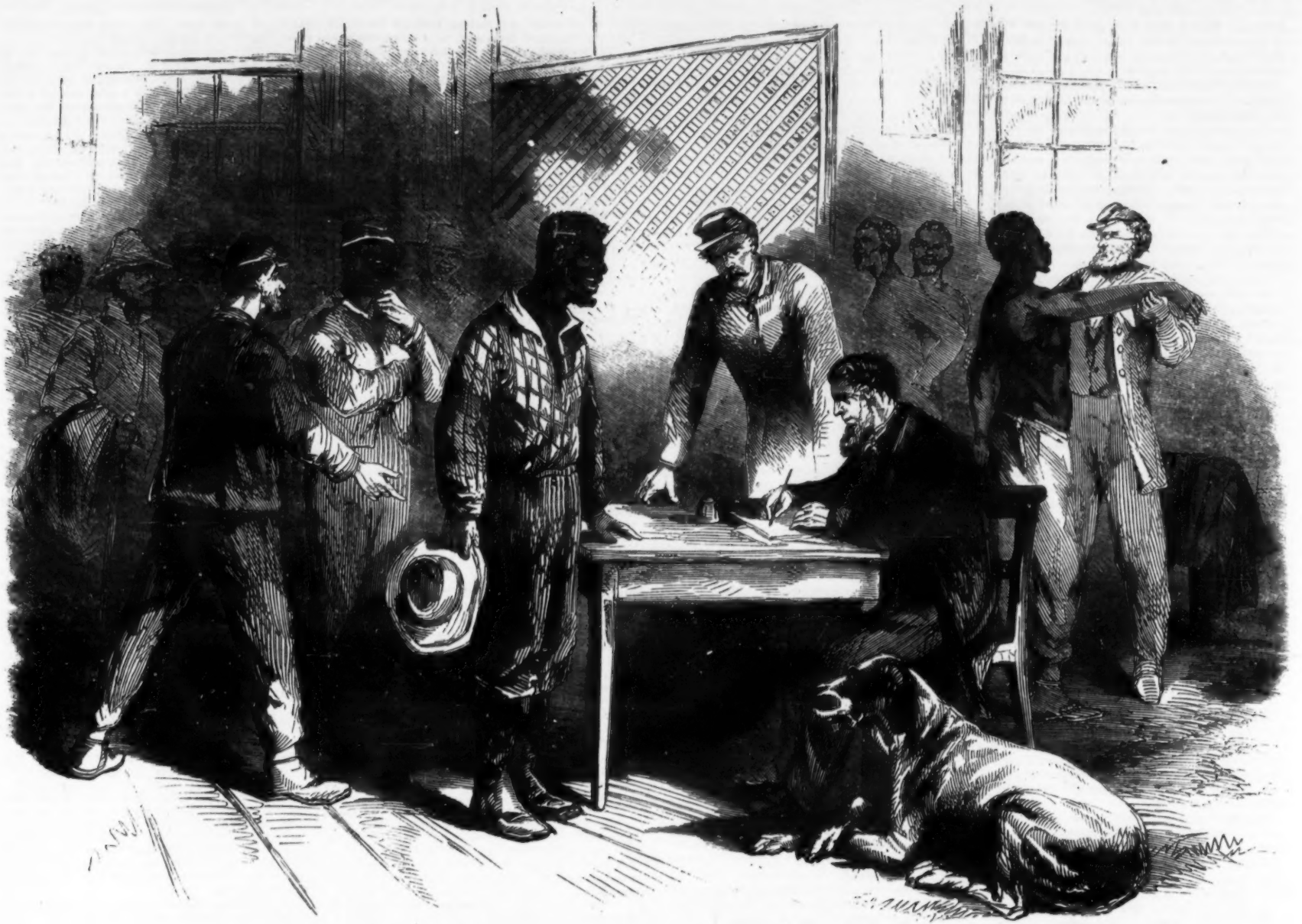
### THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

Burying the Dead under a Flag of Truce after the Battle of July 30.

AFTER the repulse on the 30th Gen. Burnside sent a flag of truce to ask leave to remove our wounded and bury our dead. On the 1st of August a reply was given, and working parties, white and colored sent out. Our Artist sketches the terrible scene. The bodies, after lying in a midsummer sun for two days were terribly altered; swarms of flies gathered around these remains of the gallant fellows who fell. The rebel works swarmed with men, and in front was a line of guards. In the intervening space, between this and our line, the men were busily at work, committing to earth the remains of their comrades. Near the guard our officers met rebel officers at the flag. Among the latter were Gen. Cooper and Gen. Mahone, among the former, Gen. Ferrero. Our dead amounted to 300 in all, less than had been supposed. The time given for the truce was from five A.M. to nine, after which hostilities commenced, but in reality only random musketry firing was heard.

THE WOLF.—From the Rio Colorado we have been constantly followed by a large gray wolf. Every evening, as soon as we got into camp, he made his appearance, squatting quietly down at a little distance and, after we had turned in for the night, helping himself to anything lying about. Our first acquaintance commenced on the prairie, where I had killed the two antelopes, and the excellent dinner he then made on the remains of the carcasses had evidently attracted him to our society. In the morning, as we left the camp, I took possession, and quickly ate up the remains of an supper and some little extras I always took care to leave for him. Shortly after he would trot after us, and if a halted a short time to adjust the pack-mules or water the animals, he sat down quietly till we resumed our march. But when I killed an antelope, as we were in the act of butchering it, he gravely looked on and looped round a gratulation. I had him twenty times a day within reach of my rifle, but he became such an old friend that I never dreamed of molesting him.





AVOIDING THE DRAFT—AGENTS OF NORTHERN STATES ENGAGING NEGRO SUBSTITUTES AT NORFOLK.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

#### NEGRO SUBSTITUTES.

The scheme of Northern States sending down the Borders to pick up negroes as substitutes for the men drafted is one of the curious events of the y. Massachusetts began it. New York city, preferring a draft of her citizens, has declined it. Our Artist depicts a scene of this enlisting, this new kind of negro racket. To men accustomed to being sold the affair is not strange, except in the feature that they pocket the money. A story is told of a man in Missouri—his man—whose ill luck got him among the drafted, scraped up enough to buy a substitute and sallied to the negro quarter; seeing a likely subject lounging by an alley, he hailed him with a—"Hallo! don't I want to make some money?" "How, massa?" is the slowly drawled answer. "Why, I am drafted, I will give any man \$500 to take my place." "Don't, massa, so am I; and I have got \$700 to give some one to go for me. Will you?"

#### SHELLING WORKMEN ENGAGED ON REBEL RAM AT CHARLESTON.

We give in this paper a most interesting sketch of the rebel ram building in Charleston harbor, as seen through a powerful glass. This is not a work which our army and navy can allow to proceed uninterrupted; and having got the range quite accurately, as the rebels admit, our gunners drop shell around with a frequency and effect that often compels them to suspend their labors abruptly, and not unfrequently for a considerable time.

#### GEN. SHERIDAN'S HEADQUARTERS, Harper's Ferry.

The appointment of Gen. Sheridan, an old and tried army officer, to the general direction of affairs

on the Upper Potomac, has restored a confidence sadly shaken by previous miscarriage. Gen. Sheridan, whose portrait we gave so recently that it must be fresh in the minds of our readers, has established his headquarters at a mansion on Harper's ferry heights, which we illustrate. The originally fine mansion shows marks of the deadly struggles that have been carried on around it; the roof and cornice are torn by shells, and the out-houses are similarly injured. The whole place betokens desertion and neglect.

#### OCCUPATION OF NEW WINDSOR.

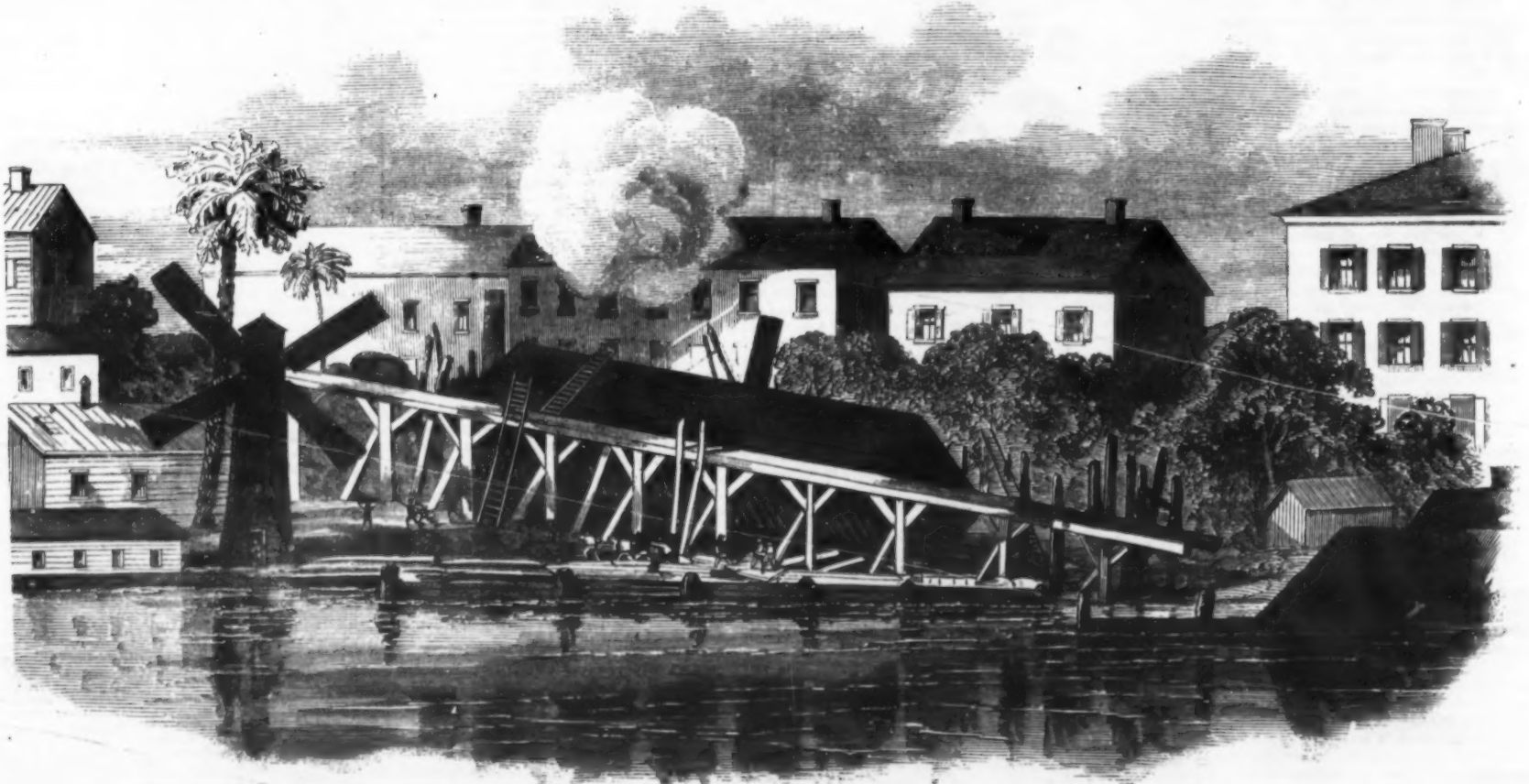
Our readers will find among our illustrations a view of the occupation of New Windsor by rebel cavalry during the recent raid. New Windsor is a thriving post-village in Carroll county, Maryland, near enough to be visited by rebel raiders. As these parties dash into a town some endeavor to escape with valuables;

but are generally pursued and pay dearly. The unfortunate countrymen whose wagons are found standing before the village store are sure to be the first losers, the shoemakers and druggists next, and the publicans, of course, are thronged with sinners. It is a sad record to turn over the pages of our paper for the last three years and see our picture-gallery of ruined American towns and villages; how many a thriving place, in the midst of smiling plenty, with every mark of activity, energy and progress, has been left a mass of ruins or marked ineffaceably by the red hand of war.

Our sketches, truthful and carefully drawn, can scarcely be appreciated; but we notice with pleasure that in England and France they select our illustrations constantly to reproduce.

#### FARRAGUT'S VICTORY AT MOBILE.

Few commanders by sea or land have won their way more successfully to the popular heart than

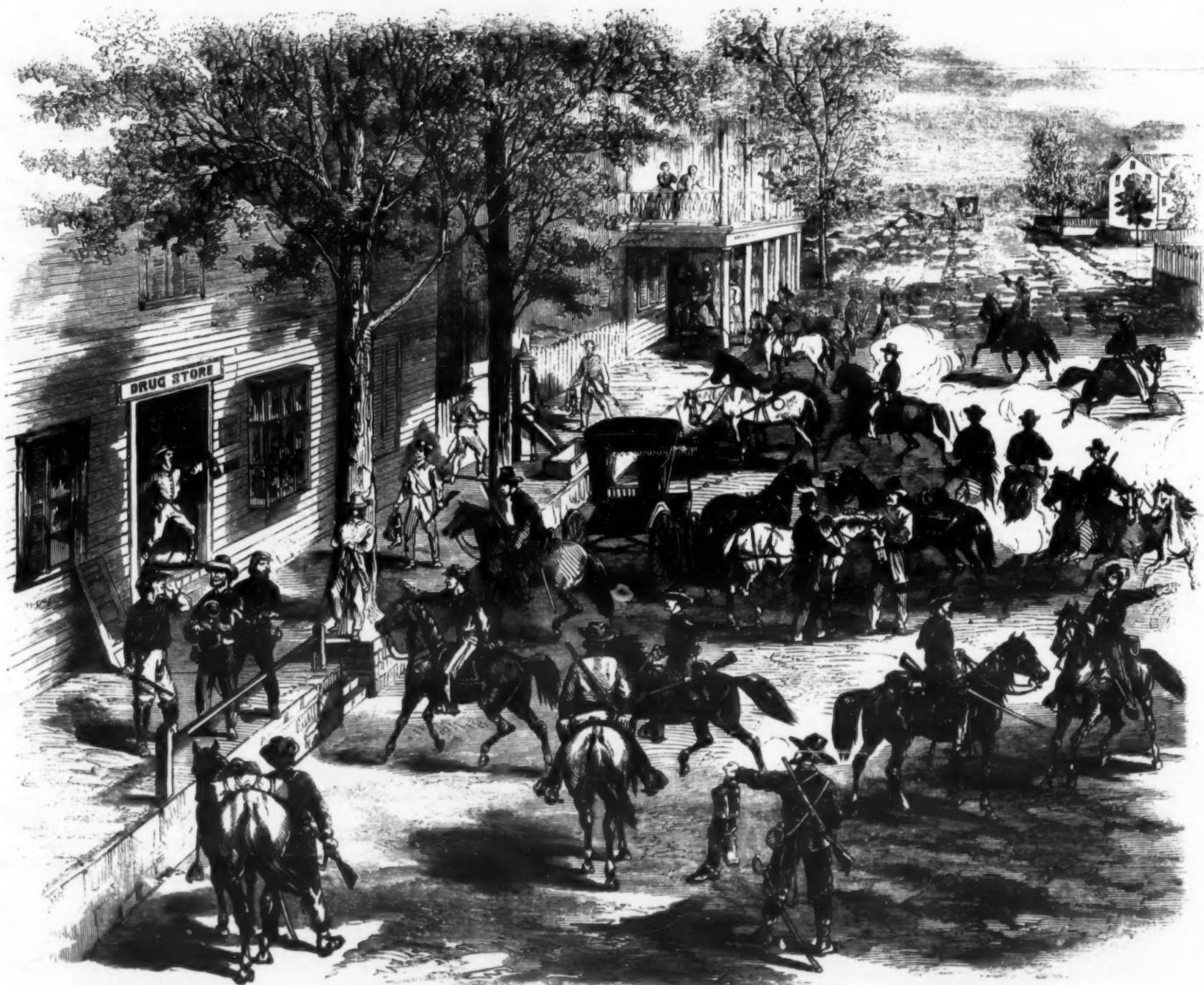


THE REBELS OF CHARLESTON SHELLING THE WORKMEN ENGAGED IN BUILDING THE REBEL RAM.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.





THE WAR IN UPPER VIRGINIA.—GEN. SHERIDAN'S HEADQUARTERS AT HARPER'S FERRY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. F. TAYLOR.



THE RAID INTO MARYLAND.—REBEL CAVALRY OCCUPYING THE TOWN OF NEW WINDSOR.—FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERICK DIELMAN.



Farragut. He has that bluff, persistent, daring recklessness that makes the hero. In his bold rush up to New Orleans he gained every point of applause, and now when the moment for attacking Mobile arrives he brushes past two rebel forts in his own style, silences one, compels another to surrender, forces the enemy to blow up a third, engages their fleet, captures an iron ram and one other vessel, drives another ashore, and clears Mobile bay of the enemy, leaving Gen. Granger, who commands the army on land, to reduce Fort Morgan, as the only remaining foothold of treason on the Gulf shore.

About eight o'clock this morning the attack commenced, the ironclads Tecumseh, Manhattan, Winnebago and Chickasaw leading, closely followed by the wooden vessels Hartford, Monongahela, Tennessee, Metacomb, Onida, Iasca, &c., 18 in all, lashed two and two, in the same manner as when the Fort Hudson batteries were passed. The Brooklyn was the first following the monitors and the Hartford (flagship) second. The Richmond, Lackawanna, Cassin, Monongahela, Onida, Galena, Port Royal, Metacomb, Octorara, Seminole and Iasca followed.

When the fleet was fairly under weigh the line headed directly for Fort Morgan, the enemy opening a terrific fire from Forts Morgan and Gaines, and assisted by the guns from the rebel ram Tennessee and four other vessels at the entrance of the bay.

Our only reply to the enemy from this range was the sending of a few shells from 100-pounder Parrotts, stationed at the bow of the vessels, but when the fleet arrived at within a biscuit's throw of Fort Morgan every vessel was ready with her broadside, and as the fleet passed they opened a terrific fire, the cannon rattling in volleys similar to an infantry fire of musketry, driving the gunners from their guns and silencing both fort and water battery.

As soon as the bay was reached the rebel ram Tennessee, gunboat Selma and three others attacked the fleet, and almost before the first gun was fired in the action with them the monitor Tecumseh struck a torpedo, which fairly blew or rather lifted her out of the water, when she descended and disappeared. Nearly all on board were lost, but eight or ten escaped. They were picked up by a boat from the Metacomb, while the fight was going on. The fighting was terrific for a time; but it was soon evident that we had the best of the action, though the smoke rendered the engagement very indistinct.

As the Tennessee and other rebel vessels were engaged the fleet, several of the smaller vessels passed them, when the Tennessee would attempt to run them down. The Onida was cut to the water's edge, by her formidable ram, and to prevent her from sinking she was run into shoal water. This vessel also received a shot in her boiler.

The rebel gunboat Selma attempted to leave the fleet quietly and steam to Mobile, but the Metacomb discovered the movement and hastened after her. When the former saw that escape was impossible, she surrendered to Capt. Jarrett, of the Metacomb. The rebel vessel had lost dreadfully in killed and wounded, and when her docks were reached, the dead and dying lay around, while her surgeons ran with blood. Her commander, Lieut. Comstock, formerly of the U. S. navy, was lying dead across the breach of a gun with his bowels torn out. He was evidently in the act of sighting the piece when shot.

The engagement with the enemy's fleet took place on the west side of Mobile bay, in the direction of Fort Powell, and out of range of the guns of Fort Morgan. The Tennessee boldly steamed in the direction of our fleet, as if for the purpose of running down and destroying the wooden vessels, without paying attention to the monitors, except to keep out of their way; but they persevered in following her and cutting her off, when her whole attention was forced to be directed to them. The fighting did not last long between them, however, for the flagship and the Monongahela striking her amidships with her terrible prow, causing the huge rebel monster to reel like a drunken man.

The Hartford then grappled the Tennessee; but further bloodshed was saved by the latter hoisting the white flag from the pilot-house.

Capt. Pierre Girard led the party who boarded the ram, and the rebel Admiral Buchanan delivered up his sword to him.

The same horrible slaughter was observable all around as on the Selma, and Admiral Buchanan had a leg shot off during the action.

## THE CACTUS PLANTS OF CALIFORNIA.

THE *San Francisco Bulletin* says: "The cactus—that singular family of the floral kingdom, the glory of the hot-houses of Europe and the wonder of travellers, whose flowers and fruits are seen in every league of surface in South California, Arizona and the Peninsula—has never sufficiently attracted the attention of our florists or farmers. Fifty-five species of cactus are known in the botany of these sections, and they include some with magnificent flowers and of extraordinary appearance, forming beautiful ornaments when in the vicinity of other vegetation. If the different species, all covered with thorns, could be got together in a California garden they would form one of the most singular and unique displays it is possible to conceive in gardening, and it is to be remembered that the fruits are as valuable for human food as the flowers are for feasting the eye.

"The Cactacea has an immense range in the altitudes of central North America or in what we may term the California *sierraceros* of climates and soils, as they are found from the parallel of Cariboo to Cape St. Lucas, and from the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains in North Dakota to the Gila river. They are met with in all altitudes between the Gila and Panama, from the line of perpetual snow to that of the seashore.

"Some 200 different species of this singular family of American plants are enumerated in the botany of Mexico, ranging from the shape of a cabbage to that of a grapevine, and looming high as a tree and umbrellous as a small oak. Their flowering is of extraordinary splendor and loveliness, and is from the purest white to vermilion, including every mixture of the prismatic colors. But it is the fruit, the stand-by of the poor and the Indians in the seasons of drought and famine, that unfolds this providential blessing of the desert in all its value.

"Engelman of St. Louis, an eminent writer on this family, enumerates as indigenous to Arizona and South California four genera of the cactus; that is, 87 species of the *Opuntia* or *lobo* shape, 11 species of the *Cylindropuntia*, six species of the *Cylindropuntia* or *manzano*, and six species of the *Cylindropuntia* or *manzano*. Almost every one of these are found in the mountain ranges and deserts of Los Angeles, San Bernardino and San Diego counties. In Lower California many species are met with which are foreign to our parallel and altitudes, one of which, a climbing variety, is found in the driest months to be full of the purest water. One of the *Opuntia* has a small fruit, specific in scurvy and blood impurities, while others have fruits with the flavor of pineapples, of strawberries, peaches, plums and cherries, of the luscious cheramoya and nance, of the fig and grape, and of the lemon, apple and pear.

"The *Cactus Opuntia*, or Indian fig of Mexico—white and red—was introduced into the mission gardens of our State from Santa Clara to San Diego in the early settlement of the country, some 70 years ago; but they are also found indigenous in the mountains of the Colorado, in San Bernardino and San Diego counties. Near the southern missions below Point Conception they grew luxuriantly, particularly at San Barbara, San Fernando and San Gabriel. At the two last-named

places they are extremely abundant and luscious. These varieties of the prickly pear are valuable additions to the food of our State, as the fruit is not only very plentiful in summer and fall, but highly nutritive and agreeable, and can be gathered at will, and the plant requires no care. When stripped of the prickles they can be boiled down to an excellent conserve or syrup, or dried in the sun for preservation, as they contain a large quantity of sugar and gum. The plant is easily propagated by slips or seeds, and has a wonderful endurance, vitality and hardiness. It comes to perfection in three years. Its seeds, which are very abundant in the fruit, are roasted by the Indians as a substitute for corn. The mucilage of the leaves or fronds are thrown into water and used in making cements and whitewashes, and gives great strength to these house building materials in the arid districts of Mexico. It is in common use around Los Angeles.

"Being such plentiful and excellent producers of sugary fruit, so necessary to the laboring man in our dry and attenuated atmosphere, this matter should be attended to by our people, as well as the arts of making molasses from maguay, pumpkins, melons, water-melons, grapes, pears, beets, cornstalks, and the wild sugar cane or *pascho-cariso* of the Tularosa. All these fruits are well known to the Indians and Mexicans of Sonora and New Mexico, and those of Chihuahua and Coahuila, as producing sugar; and particularly the *Cactacea* and *Agave*, among the Pinos and Papagos of Arizona, who consider the cactus and the maguay as the gifts of the gods, for from them they receive food, clothing, shelter and fencing. The fermentation of these articles to conserves and molasses is often facilitated among these simple people by a concentrating process of roasting and baking, and boiling down slowly afterwards, with a little water, to a viscid syrup which never ferments in their keeping. Though several of them are also used in the fabrication of mead or spirits. Of such an exhilarating quality is this fire-water that when 'in the spirit' they would not give a claque to call themselves king, priest or judge, for they often give for such alcoholic weight for weight in silver, and bless the vendor for his trade."

## FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A PARIS correspondent thus describes an odd scene which he says took place lately at a theatre in the environs of Lyons:

A worthy blacksmith occupied the first seat in the pit (there is no parquette in the theatre) and seemed to be absorbed by the incidents of the drama until the leading juvenile made his appearance, whereupon the excellent spectator leaped on the stage and gave the "leading juvenile" a sound thrashing, which the latter bore with exemplary resignation. The police rushed forward and soon obtained the explanation of the strange proceeding. The blacksmith told them that the leading juvenile "was his son, whom he believed to be at Paris pursuing his studies, and who drew regularly every month on him for his board, tuition fees and book bill. He excused himself for his impetuosity, but confessed that he could not command himself. The blacksmith agreed to allow the proceedings to continue, and he resumed his seat; but when he took his first at the "leading juvenile," and called him blackguard, rogue, knave, etc., whenever he appeared, the laughter in the house destroyed all the effect of the drama. After the curtain fell he collared the "leading juvenile" and carried him home.

MAXIMS FOR HUSBANDS.—Resolve in the morning to be patient and cheerful during the day. Laugh heartily on finding all the buttons off your shirt—as usual. Say, merrily, "Boys will be boys," when you discover that the children have emptied the contents of the water jug into your boots. On gazing your chin with a razor, remember that beauty is but skin deep; and in order to divert your thoughts from the pain, recite a speech from Hamlet, or indulge in one of the harmonies of your native land. If breakfast is not ready for you, chuckle and grin pleasantly at the maid; remembering that a merry heart is a continual feast; and go to your daily business with a pleasant smile.

A QUAKER, on hearing a man swear at a particularly bad piece of road, went up to him and said:

"Friend, I am under the greatest obligations to thee. I would myself have done what thou hast done, but my religion forbids it. Don't let my conscience, however, bribe thee; give thine indignation wings, and suffer not the prejudice of others to paralyze the tongue of justice and long suffering—yes, verily."

A COUNTRYMAN once brought a piece of board to an artist, with the request that he would paint upon it St. Christopher as large as life.

"But," returned the artist, "that board is much too small for that purpose."

The countryman looked perplexed at this unexpected discovery.

"That's a bad job," said he; "but look-ee, sir, ye can let his feet hang down over the edge of the board."

A FEW nights since Tom Jones went home to his wife in rather a disguised condition. He had drunk so often for the success of our volunteers that he was compelled to eat a handful of cloves to remove the smell of whiskey. While undressing, his wife detected the perfume of the spice, and said:

"Good gracious, Tom, how dreadfully you smell of cloves."

"Eh?" said Tom, starting; "o-l-o-v-e-s?"

"Yes, cloves: any one would think you had been embalmed like a mummy!"

This made his wife go wool-gathering.

"Phew! you are regularly scented with them. Where have you been to-night?" continued the wife.

Tom was thrown entirely off his guard—his brain rambled, and, without the remotest idea of what he was saying, replied:

"W-h-y—ho—Clare, the fact is, I have just been on a little trip to the East Indies, and while I was there fell over a spicebox!"

Then she knew what the matter was.

JUDICIAL FUN.—The late Judge Peters has left behind him a countless host of well-remembered puns; some few of the rarest are worth relating. A gentleman presenting his only son to the notice of the judge, said:

"He is my all."

The boy was a long, thin, whey-faced stripling, and the judge, looking at him, said to the father:

"Your son, and your last, too, I suppose; but I can't call him a strapping fellow."

When on the District Court bench, he observed to Judge Washington that one of the witnesses had a vegetable head.

"How so?" was the inquiry.

"He has carrot hair, reddish cheeks, a turn-up nose, and a sage look."

During one of the public days connected with Lafayette's reception, the judge was riding in an open carriage with the general, who regretted that he should be exposed to the annoyance arising from clouds of flying dust.

"I am used to it," said Peters; "I am a judge, and have had dust thrown in my eyes by the lawyers for many years."

A CERTAIN Sunday-school teacher was in the habit of making a collection in his juvenile class for missionary objects every Sunday; and this box received stores of pennies which might otherwise have found their way to the drawers of the confectioner and toyman. He was not a little surprised, however, on Sunday, to find a country note crushed in among the weight of copper coin. He was not long in finding it to be a broken bank; and on asking the class who put it there, the donor was soon pointed out to him by his mates, who had seen him deposit it, and thought it a very benevolent gift.

"Didn't you know that this note was good for nothing?"

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Then what did you put it in the box for?"

"I didn't s'pose the little heathen would know the difference, and thought it would be just as good for them."

## Margaret Blount's New Novel.

### DOWNE RESERVE;

OR,

### THE MYSTERY AT WISHING WELL.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DARLEY.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

The readers of this really charming and delightful tale enjoy a rich treat. Of all the popular and attractive stories by the same successful author there is not one that equals the fascinating interest which characterizes "Downe Reserve."

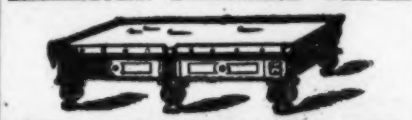
Mailed free of postage on receipt of price.

FREDERICK A. BRADY, Publisher,  
No. 22 Ann Street, N. Y.


**MAD. PUTNAM'S**  
PATENT  
**STOCKING**  
**SUPPORTER!**  
A. COFFEY & CO.,  
Sole Manufacturers,  
627 Broadway, N. Y.

The most "Rich, Rare and Racy" Paper in the U. S. is the "STAR SPANGLED BANNER," published at Hinsdale, N. H., at only 25 cents a year, with a gift to every subscriber. Subscribe at once. Specimens for a stamp. Address "STAR SPANGLED BANNER," Hinsdale, N. H. 466-9

## AMERICAN BILLIARD TABLE



AND COMBINATION CUBICLES,  
Approved and adopted by the Billiard Congress of 1863. The best and only reliable Billiard Table manufactured, Balls, Cues, and every article relating to Billiards, for sale by  
PHELAN & COLLENDER,  
Corner of Crosby and Spring Sts., N. Y.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE TO OFFICERS, BUTLERS, GUNSMITHS, AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY.

The closest buyers of all articles connected with Guns, Rifles, Pistols, Percussion Caps, Gunsmith's Materials; Swords, Belts, Baubles, Presentation Articles, Military, Naval and Fancy Goods, etc., can get the very best selections at the lowest prices, by purchasing through the subscriber, who, from an experience of 15 years, is thoroughly posted, and is now satisfactorily supplying some of the principal dealers in the country.

All orders, however large or small, promptly executed for any article to be had in the market.  
CHARLES FOLSOM,  
36 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

**Fifty Methods of Employment.—Arts, Secrets, Ways to Make Money, etc., sent everywhere for \$1—worth \$100. Address**  
468-7 W. FRIEZE, Baltimore, Md.

**Do You Want to get Married?**  
"Courtship Made Easy." A Book of 160 pages, illustrated. Treating of "Psychomancy," plainly, showing how either sex can fascinate, win the undying love, and marry whoever they wish, irrespective of age or personal appearance. Sent by mail for 60 cents and two red stamps. Address  
462-68 E. D. LOOKE & CO., Box 1825, Portland, Me.

## Just Published.

## THE NEW NUMBER OF FRANK LESLIE'S

## BUDGET OF FUN,

Being No. 78,

FOR SEPTEMBER.

Its Grand Cartoon is one of the most telling hits of the age, and represents Mr. Lincoln, the Political Blondin of the time, wheeling a Barrow on the Tightrope.

Also, the Head of the Halabamba; besides Seven Splendid Humorous Sketches of the deplorable state of Europe owing to Emigration—besides numerous Comic Engravings by the First Artists of America and Europe—Leech, Tenniel, Rosenberg, Bellow, Newman, Forbes, Crane, Howard, McLellan, etc., etc.

The Letterpress is equally admirable, the contributions being by our first authors.

Price 10 Cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S

Publication Office,

537 Pearl Street,

New York.

## U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Coupon Treasury Notes, payable three years from August 15th, 1864, with semi-annual interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum—principal and interest both to be paid in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible, at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent. gold bearing bonds, payable not less than five nor more than twenty years from their date, as the Government may elect.

They will be issued in denominations of fifty, one hundred, five hundred, one thousand and five thousand dollars, and all subscriptions must be for fifty dollars, or some multiple of fifty dollars.

The notes will be transmitted to the owners free of transportation charges as soon after the receipt of the original Certificates of Deposit as they can be prepared.

As the notes draw interest from August 15, persons making deposits subsequent to that date must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.

Parties depositing twenty-five thousand dollars and upwards for these notes at any one time will be allowed a commission of one-quarter of one per cent., which will be paid by the Treasury Department upon the receipt of a bill for the amount, certified to by the officer with whom the deposit was made. No deductions for commissions must be made from the deposits.

## Special Advantages of this Loan.

IT IS A NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK, offering a higher rate of interest than any other, and the best security. Any savings bank which pays its depositors in U. S. Notes, considers that it is paying in the best circulating medium of the country, and it cannot pay in anything better, for its own assets are either in Government securities or in notes or bonds payable in Government paper.

It is equally convenient as a temporary or permanent investment. The notes can always be sold for within a fraction of their face and accumulated interest, and are the best security with banks as collaterals for discounts.

## Convertible into a Six per Cent.

### 5-20 Gold Bond.

In addition to the very liberal interest on the notes for three years, this privilege of conversion is now worth about three per cent. per annum, for the current rate for 5-20 Bonds is not less than nine per cent. premium, and before the war the premium on six per cent. U. S. stocks was over twenty per cent. It will be seen that the actual profit on this loan, at the present market rate, is not less than ten per cent. per annum.

## Its Exemption from State or Municipal Taxation.

But aside from all the advantages we have enumerated, a special Act of Congress exempts all bonds and Treasury notes from local taxation. On the average, this exemption is worth about two per cent. per annum, according to the rate of taxation in various parts of the country.

It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements to lenders as those issued by the Government. In all other forms of indebtedness, the faith or ability of private parties, or stock companies, or separate communities, only, is pledged for payment, while the whole property of the country is held to secure the discharge of all the obligations of the United States.

While the Government offers the most liberal terms for its loans, it believes that the very strongest appeal will be to the loyalty and patriotism of the people.

Duplicate certificates will be issued for all deposits. The parties depositing must endorse upon the original certificate the denomination of notes required, and whether they are to be issued in blank or payable to order. When so endorsed it must be left with the officer receiving the deposit, to be forwarded to the Treasury Department.

Subscriptions will be received by the Treasurer of the United States, at Washington, the several Assistant Treasurers and designated Depositaries, and by all National Banks which are depositaries of public money, and

ALL RESPECTABLE BANKS AND BANKERS

throughout the country will give further information and

AFFORD EVERY FACILITY TO SUBSCRIBERS.



**J. H. WINSLOW & CO.**

THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED  
TO SECURE GOOD JEWELLERY AT  
LOW PRICES.

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELLERY, GOLD  
PENS, BRACELETS, LOCKETS, RINGS,  
GENTS' PINS, SLEEVE BUT-  
TONS, STUDES, ETC.,

**Worth \$500,000!**

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to  
value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to  
get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform  
you what you can have for \$1, and at the same time get  
our Circular containing full list and particulars, also  
terms to Agents, which we want in every Regiment and  
Town in the Country.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,  
208 Broadway, New York.

**Stereoscopic Pictures and Cartes de  
Visite**, latest importations. Also, New Books and  
Sporting Articles. Send for Circular.  
000  
PIERRE BIRON, 25 Ann St., N. Y.

**The Confessions and Experience of  
an Invalid.**

Published for the benefit and as a warning, and a  
caution to young men who suffer from Nervous De-  
bility, Premature Decay, etc.; supplying at the same  
time the means of Self-Cure. By one who has cured  
himself, after being put to great expense through medi-  
cal imposition and quackery. By inclosing a postpaid  
addressed envelope, single copies may be had of the  
author, NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Bedford, Kings  
County, N. Y. 000

**Old Eyes Made New!**

A pamphlet directing how to speedily restore sight  
and give up spectacles, without aid of doctor or medicine.  
Sent by mail, free, on receipt of 10 cents. Address  
E. B. FOOTE, M. D.,  
1130 Broadway, N. Y.

466-67  
1130 Broadway, N. Y.

**REMINGTON'S****ARMY AND NAVY  
REVOLVER!**

Approved by the Government.  
Warranted superior to any other Pistol of the kind.  
Also Pocket and Belt Revolvers. Sold by the Trade  
generally.

E. REMINGTON & SONS,  
Ilion, N. Y.

**How to Play any Musical Instrument  
WITHOUT A TEACHER.**

With a collection of choice Music, will be found in  
WINNER'S PERFECT GUIDE for the Violin, Flute,  
Guitar, Piano, Melodeon, Accordeon, Fife, Clarinet and  
Flageolet, designed to enable any one to learn without  
a teacher—5 books. Price of each, 75 cents. Mailed,  
postpaid.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

**Fountain Pen—No Inkstand Required.**  
One filling writes 12 hours. A Gold Pen, \$1, or Pen  
and Case, \$1.50. Send stamp for Circular.  
G. F. HAWKES, Sole Manufacturer,  
64 Nassau Street, N. Y.

**Beautiful False Moustaches, 50 cents**  
and \$1 a pair; Whiskers, \$4; send stamp for Circulars.  
Address O. W. PHILLO, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**Wanted—Agents to sell our New Maps**  
of Richmond and Mobile, showing all of the Fortifica-  
tions, etc. Price only 15 cents each. Wholesale \$1 per  
doz. Sent, postpaid. G. W. TOMLINSON, Publisher,  
221 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

The most successful because the best Lady's Magazine  
ever published.

**FRANK LESLIE'S  
LADY'S MAGAZINE**

AND  
**Gazette of Fashion,**  
FOR SEPTEMBER, 1864,  
IS UNSURPASSED IN ATTRACTION!

FULL SIZED PATTERN OF A FIGARO BODY AND  
WAISTCOAT.

DOUBLEPAGE COLORED PLATE OF FASHIONS,  
embracing styles nowhere else found.

FOUR-PAGE CUT,  
containing thirty-one different dresses.

New Style of Hats, Corsets, Fichus, Jackets, Head-  
dresses; fashions for girls of various ages.

**CONTENTS:**

A Father's Request. Illustrated.  
A Fright in the Caucasus.  
Told in the Twilight. Illustrated.  
Love Me for Myself Alone.  
Paul Garrett; or, the Secret. Illustrated.  
Esau Granger. Illustrated.  
The Doctor's Wife, by Miss Braden—continued.

With other attractive matter, illustrations of Foreign  
life, etc., etc.

No Magazine in the country excels it in the literary  
ability of its varied and interesting contents, or its  
illustrations, and none approaches it as a Fashion guide.

Buy it by All Means!

**FRANK LESLIE,**

237 Pearl Street, N. Y.

**FURNITURE, FURNITURE**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

BY

**DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,**

(FORMERLY E. P. DEGRAAF),

No. 87 BOWERY, NEW YORK.

This establishment is six stories in height, and extends 242 feet through to No. 85 Chrystie Street—making it  
one of the largest Furniture Houses in the United States.

They are prepared to offer great inducements to the Wholesale Trade for Time or Cash. Their stock consists  
in part of

**ROSEWOOD, PARLOR AND CHAMBER FURNITURE;**

Mahogany and Walnut, Parlor and Chamber Furniture.

Also, CANE and WOOD SEAT work, all qualities; HAIR, HUSB and SPRING MATTRESSES, a large stock  
ENAMELLED CHAMBER FURNITURE, in Sets, from \$22 to \$100.

**Tucker's New Style Patent Spring Bed,**

The best as well as the cheapest of any in use. Retail price, \$8 each.

Their facilities for manufacturing defy competition. All work guaranteed as represented.

**Seaside Summer Resort**

FAIRFIELD HOUSE, FAIRFIELD, CONN. This  
favorite and splendid Summer Resort was opened for  
visitors—either transient or permanent—on the 1st of  
May. The house is new and handsomely furnished—  
has all modern improvements—is lighted with gas  
throughout. The Beach for Bathing is the finest on  
the Sound. There is good fishing and elegant drives.  
Parties making early arrangements for the season will  
be taken on favorable terms.

000  
P. D. CARBRIQUE.

**Photograph Cards for Gentlemen.**  
Samples and Catalogues sent for 25 cents. Enclose an  
envelope with your own name and address.  
D. HEMMETTE, 68½ Liberty St., N. Y.

**HOSTETTER'S**

CELEBRATED

**STOMACH BITTERS.**

A TIMELY WARNING TO THE SICK.—It is es-  
pecially important at this time, when the markets of the  
United States are flooded with the direct poisons, under  
the name of imported liquors, and when domestic com-  
pounds purporting to be medicinal, but not a whit less  
pernicious, are heralded to the world as "sovereign  
remedies," that the public should fully understand the  
facts. Be it known then, that while all the diffusive  
stimulants called *liquors* are impure, and all the *Tonic*  
containing alcohol are manufactured with a fiery article  
containing opium or fustic oil, a *medicinal poison*; HOSTET-  
TER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS contain  
none of these things, but are a combination of pure Es-  
sence of Rye with the pure juices of the most valuable  
stomachic, anti-bilious and aperient herbs and plants,  
and that as a safe and rapid remedy for Dyspepsia and  
all its kindred complaints, this preparation stands before  
the world without a rival or competitor. Its sales to-  
day are equal to the combined sales of all the other  
Tonic advertised in the United States, and the certifi-  
cates which authenticate its usefulness are signed by  
individuals of the highest standing in every professional  
calling and walk of life. Beware of imitations and  
impostures.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.  
Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,  
PREPARED AND SOLD BY  
HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURG, PA.  
NEW YORK OFFICE, 69 CEDAR STREET.

**\$10 AGENTS \$10**

And Dealers, to sell Fine Crayon Portrait of  
LIEUT.-GEN. U. S. GRANT,  
LINCOLN and McCLELLAN,  
and 30 more Novel and Useful Articles. Profit large.  
Send Stamp for Circular. Sample by mail, 50c.  
000  
S. W. RICE & CO., 33 Nassau St., N. Y.

**WANTED! WANTED!****Dr. Briggs's Golden O'Dor.**

WHY? BECAUSE it has proved to give satisfaction  
to thousands. The Golden O'Dor will force a full set of  
Whiskers or Moustaches in five weeks, and no Humbug!  
Also Hair on Bald Heads in six weeks (&c. Warranted).  
Testimonials of thousands. Sent by mail, sealed and  
postpaid, for \$1. Address  
DR. C. BRIGGS, Chicago, Ill.,  
465-5  
Drawer 6306.

**Beauty—Hunt's Bloom of Roses,**  
A charming, delicate and perfect natural color for the  
cheeks or lips; does not wash off or injure the skin; re-  
mains permanent for years and cannot be detected.  
Price \$1.18 cents by mail, securely packed from ob-  
servation.  
HUNT & CO., PERFUMERS,  
000  
133 South Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

**If you want to Know, &c., read  
MEDICAL COMMON SENSE.**

A curious book for curious people, and a good book for  
every one. Price \$1.60. To be had at all News Depots.  
Contents tables mailed free. Address  
DR. E. B. FOOTE,  
No. 1,130 Broadway, N. Y.

**Literary Agency—Established in 1842.**

The subscriber has, for more than 20 years past, been  
in the habit of reading and preparing manuscripts for the  
Press. At first this labor was one of kindness, and  
performed gratuitously. But it became so burden-  
some, and absorbed so much time, that a small charge  
in the nature of a preliminary fee became necessary.  
This fee, not exceeding \$25, and generally less, com-  
pensated both for a careful and critical perusal of a  
work in manuscript, and the offering of it, if approved,  
to publishers.

The subscriber continues to receive and read manu-  
scripts in the same manner, giving his candid opinion  
concerning them, and arranging for their printing and  
publication, when desired to do so. He makes his  
charges as small as possible, since his chief object is to  
aid and benefit authors.

In all cases letters of advice should be forwarded by  
mail, while manuscripts are sent, prepaid, either  
through the Post Office or by express, legibly addressed,  
PARK BENJAMIN, 75 West 44th St., N. Y.

**Cooley's Cabinet Printing Office**FOR THE ARMY AND  
NAVY,

Merchants, Bankers, Teachers,  
Amateurs, etc., etc.,

And warranted to print in the  
best manner. Send for Circular.

J. G. COOLEY,  
Spruce St., N. Y.

**GOURAUD'S****Italian Medicated Soap,**

It is well known—cures Tan, Freckles, Pimples,  
Eruptions, Prickly Heat, Itchiness, Salt Rheum,  
Chaps, Chafes and all cuticular deformities.  
GOURAUD'S POWDER SUITABLE uproots hair from low  
foreheads or any part of the body, warranted, \$1.  
GOURAUD'S LILY WHITE for flushed red faces.  
GOURAUD'S LIQUID VEGETABLE ROUGE.  
GOURAUD'S HAIR DYE and numerous toilet acce-  
sories, found at the old established Depot of  
DR. FELIX GOURAUD,  
463 Broadway.

Also of BATES, 129 Washington Street, Boston; UPLAND,  
South Eighth Street, Philadelphia; KETNER, Pittsburg;  
CALLENDER, Philadelphia; H. D. ROBINSON, Portland,  
and Druggists generally.

**"Self Preservation"—A New Medical**  
book, containing Secrets relating to Single and Married  
Life, which no man, young or old, should fail to know.  
Price 50 cents. Address JOHN C. JENNISON, Box  
5374, P. O., New York. 461-8

**Stereoscopic Views and Cartes de Visite.**  
1,000 different kinds. Send stamp for a Catalogue.  
000  
VICTOR DELAFO, 30 Nassau St., N. Y.

**\$60 A MONTH!**—I want Agents at \$60 a month,  
expenses paid, to sell my *Everlasting Pen-  
cils, Oriental Burners*, and 18 other articles. 15 Cir-  
culars free. JOHN F. LORD, Biddeford, Me.  
462-64

**MATRIMONIAL FAVORS**

BRIDAL SETS, BRIDAL GARNITURES, BRIDES-  
MAIDS' SETS, OSTRICH FEATHERS  
AND PARIS FLOWERS,  
At TUCKER'S, 759 Broadway.

**\$100 per Month.** Active and reliable  
Agents in the Army and everywhere else, in the most  
lucrative business known. Honorable and no risk.  
Address or apply to  
457-67  
T. & H. GAUGHAN, 116 Broadway, N. Y.



Preserves the Eyes, avoids bending. No basting.

No Machine complete without it. Price \$1.50, with  
directions, sent by mail. For sale for all Machines, at  
the inventor's headquarters, WILCOX & GIBBS'S Sew-  
ing Machine Office, 309 Broadway, New York.  
461-63  
D. BARNUM.

**Wanted Everywhere,** good reliable  
Agents, for a pleasant, legitimate, *Healy* business—per-  
manent employment, and extra liberal inducements.  
Catalogue, with full particulars, sent free on application.  
Address BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK,  
14 Chambers St., N. Y.

**Attention, Company!**

CLARK'S ONGUENT.—A Powerful Stimulant. Each  
packet warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers or  
Moustaches in Six Weeks upon the smoothest face,  
without stain or injury to the skin. Any person using  
this Onguent and finding it not as represented (by in-  
forming me of the fact), can have their money returned  
to them at any time within three months from day of  
purchase. Price \$1. Sent sealed and postpaid to any  
address on receipt of the money. Address  
A. C. CLARK,  
463-65  
P. O. Drawer 118, Albany, N. Y.

**75,000 Watches, Chains, &c.****WORTH \$400,000.**

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value,  
and not to be paid for until you know what you are to  
get. Send 20 cents for a Certificate, which will inform  
you what you can have for \$1; and at the same time  
get our Circular containing full list of articles and par-  
ticulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every  
Regiment and Town in the country.

Six Certificates can be ordered for \$1; thirteen for  
\$3; thirty-five for \$5; and one hundred for \$12.  
Address A. C. CLARK,  
460-62  
P. O. Drawer 118, Albany, N. Y.

**WEDDING CARDS.**

French Note Papers, Bonds and  
Presses, Silver Plates, etc., at  
J. K. KENDALL, 203 Broadway, cor. Duane St.  
For Specimens by mail, send 10 cents.

**"Psychomancy."**—How either sex may  
fascinate and gain the love, confidence, affection and  
good will of any person they choose, instantly. This  
simple mental acquirement all can possess, securing  
certain success in love, marriage, etc., free by mail, for  
25 cents, together with a guide to the unmarried of both  
sexes—an extraordinary book, of great interest. Third  
edition; over 100,000 copies already sold. Address  
T. WILLIAM & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

Notwithstanding the increase in price of chemi-  
cals and other materials,

**H. W. BENICZKY,  
PHOTOGRAPHER,**

No. 2 New Chambers Street, N. Y.,  
Will take Card Pictures at the OLD PRICE for a short  
time longer.  
\$1.50 PER DOZEN.

Large Photographs \$1 the first—50 cts. additional ones.

Particular attention paid to copying Cards or Ambro-  
types into handsome Colored Photographs and Cards;  
even if the original is faded, it can be copied to a  
perfect picture at a reasonable price.

**Matrimony—Why every man should  
marry.** Why every woman should marry. All may  
marry to know. Read the Illustrated Marriage Guide  
and Medical Adviser, by WM. EARL, M. D., 200 pages.  
Mailed in sealed envelope on receipt of 25 cts. Address  
13 White Street, New York.

**C. S. See, M. D., Baltimore, 35 years**  
Professor of Female Therapeutics. Safety Cards Free.  
458-63

**The Great Money-Making Article.**  
Everybody needs it. Agents or Soldiers can make \$10  
a day. Sample, with particulars, sent free by mail, for  
25 cents. Address  
000  
E. H. MARTIN, Hinesdale, N. H.

**Do You Want Luxuriant Whiskers  
or Moustaches?**

MY ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in  
six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or  
injury to the skin. Price \$1—sent by mail, post free,  
to any address on receipt of an order.  
R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau St., N. Y.

**"Album Gems."—Something New, Gay**  
and Fancy. The most desirable Cards ever published—  
including the French Dancing Girl; Venus Sporting  
with Love; Bedtime; Bombarding Charleston; Sinking  
the 290, etc., etc. Price only 8 cents each, or \$1 for the  
set of 15 choice cards.  
G. W. TOMLINSON, Publisher,  
221 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

**FRANK LESLIE'S  
Unrivalled Publications**

**Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine and**  
GAZETTE OF FASHION. The best Family Magazine  
published. The reading portion is the cream of con-  
temporary English Literature. The illustrations are  
unsurpassed in number and execution.  
In FASHIONS it has no equal or competitor—no lady  
can dispense with it. Terms, \$3 per annum.

**Frank Leslie's Ten Cent Monthly,**  
the Ledger of the Magazines, full of brilliant stories and  
other illustrated matter. \$1 per annum; 10 cts. a No.

**Frank Leslie's Illustrirte Zeitung,**—the  
only German illustrated paper in the country. \$3.50  
per annum.

**Frank Leslie's Lady's Illustrated Al-  
MANAC,** a very valuable and attractive work. Price  
25 cents.

**R. R. R. R.**—Rich Rare and Racy Reading. Free  
for a stamp. Address BANNER, Hinesdale, N. H.

**DISTILLED DEW**

Beautifies the Complexion, removes Tan, Freckles and  
Discolorations, and renders the Skin White, Soft, Smooth  
and Clear. All Druggists have it on sale.  
000  
DEPOT, 715 BROADWAY.

**Royal Havana Lottery.**

60 per cent. premium paid for prizes. Information  
furnished. Highest price paid for Doubletons and all  
kinds of Gold and Silver.  
TAYLOR & CO., Bankers,  
No. 16 Wall Street, N. Y.



**"Artistic Mechanism Triumphant."**

Enamelled White, 50 cents; Pearl, 75 cents; Snow White, \$1. "Linen Finished," Illusion-Stitched, "Corrugated," \$1.25; Suitable Tie, \$1. Mailed on prepayment. JEROME, 75 Nassau St., N. Y.

Use of Tobacco, in all forms, Cured and Patented. Particulars free. Address 402-750 CHAS. H. DAY, New Haven, Conn.

**STAMMERING**

Cured by Bates's Appliances. For (descriptive) Pamphlet, address H. C. L. MEARS & CO., 377 West 2nd Street, N. Y.

**New York Giant News.**—A large supplement published to the National Intelligencer (size 23 inches square), containing the life of Edward V. Rice—A Dream—A Tale of Two Cities, etc., etc., sent by mail, free, on receipt of 10 cents, by addressing A. V. RICE, Publisher, Prescott, Wis. Agents wanted. 400-90



**For Hardening & Invigorating the Gums.**

Cleansing, Beautifying and Preserving the Teeth, Purifying and Sweetening the Breath; the most convenient, efficacious and beneficial article for the Teeth the world has ever seen.

Sold by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers everywhere—75 cents per bottle.

HALL & BUCKEL, Proprietors, 215 Greenwich St., N. Y.

**School Teachers Wanted**

For English, French, German, Spanish, MUSIC, DRAWING, PAINTING, CLASSICAL, and other branches. Address (with references) AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL UNION, 713 Broadway, N. Y.

**WM. KNABE & CO.,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF GOLD MEDAL  
**GRAND AND SQUARE PIANOS,**  
BALTIMORE, MD.



Certificates of Excellence from Thalberg, Gottschalk, Strakosch, G. Sattler, and other leading artists. Every instrument warranted for five years. Price lists promptly sent on application.

**HOWARD'S "IMPROVED" SWEAT PROOF****Soldiers' Money Belts.**

Every Soldier can have one sent to him by return mail, free of postage, by enclosing \$3.50 or \$5, according to the quality desired. Address HOWARD BELT CO., 436 Broadway, N. Y.

**Agents Wanted.**—\$50 per Month guaranteed. For Terms and Specimens address with stamp, 409-640 L. L. TODD & CO., New York.

**GROVER & BAKER'S**

HIGHEST PREMIUM ELASTIC STITCH

**SEWING MACHINES!**

Salerooms, 495 Broadway, New York.

**THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,**  
Magnifying 500 TIMES, mailed to any address for 50 cts. Terms of different powers for \$1. Address 0000 F. B. BOWEN, Box 230, Boston, Mass.

**WHAT TO DO AND HOW TO DO IT**

Take an Agency for our Popular Books—buy at Wholesale, sell at Retail, and save the profits. Full particulars sent on receipt of stamp, by

FOWLKE & WELLS, 400-420 329 Broadway, N. Y.

**THE EARLY BIRD CATCHING THE PENNSYLVANIA WORM.****\$15 PER DAY \$15**

GUARANTEED TO ALL AGENTS who sell our great New and Wonderful Extra Large Size Stationery Price Packages: \$25 CAN BE MADE IN A FEW HOURS BY SMART AGENTS. Every Dollar invested more than doubled. Greatest MONEY-MAKING Business of the age. Each Package contains large quantities of fine Writing Materials, such as Paper, Envelopes, Pencils, Pens, Pen Holders, Blotting, Engraving, Ladies' Paris Fashion Plates, Designs for Needlework, Household Companions, Parlor Games, Keepsakes, Pocket Calendars for 1864, Letter Writers' Instructions, Valuable Recipes, Many Ways to get Rich, YAMMER NOTIONS, Fancy Articles, Rich Jewellery, &c., &c. Sales immense. Everybody buys them. A Splendid GOLD or Silver Hunting Case LEVER WATCH (warranted), presented FREE to each person who acts as Agent. Send for our Great New Circulars for 1864, containing Extra Premium Inducements FREE. S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 103 Nassau Street, New York.

**IVORY JEWELRY.**

BROOCHES, EAR RINGS AND SLEEVE BUTTONS—WHITE, PINK AND BLACK, \$3.50 per set; beautifully engraved with Grecian border, \$5 per set. Sent free by mail on receipt of price.  
IVORY COMBS.....\$7.00  
IVORY HAIR PINS.....3.00  
IVORY INITIAL BUTTONS.....1.00  
PEARL INITIAL BUTTONS.....1.50  
W. M. WELLS, 971 Broadway, N. Y.  
SIGN, GOLDEN ELEPHANT.

**The Early Physical Degeneracy of American People,**

And the early melancholy decline of Childhood and Youth, just published by DR. STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute.  
A Treatise on the above subject, the cause of Nervous Debility, Marasmus and Consumption; Wasting of the Vital Fluids, the mysterious and hidden causes of Palpitation, Impaired Nutrition and Digestion.  
Age-Fail not to send two red stamps and obtain this Book. Address

**DR. ANDREW STONE,**  
Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute; and Physician for Diseases of the Heart, Throat and Lungs, No. 96 Fifth Street, Troy, N. Y. 449-61

**BALLOU'S**

PATENTED

**FRENCH****YOKE SHIRTS**

Warranted to FIT, and to be

**CHEAPER**

for the same QUALITY and MAKE than those of any other Shirt House in this city.

Circular containing drawings and prices sent free.

For sale by all the principal dealers throughout the United States.

BALLOU BROTHERS, 403 Broadway, N. Y.



The only enamelled "Turn-over" Collar made in metals. Send \$1 for a "Turn-over" or 75 cents for a "Choker," to C. H. WELLING, 94 Pine Street, N. Y., and receive it by return mail.

**DYSPEPSIA TABLETS,**

For INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, etc., manufactured only by S. C. WELLING, and sold by Druggists generally. Fifty cents per box; sent free on the receipt of 25 cents. DEPOT, 207 CENTRE STREET, 2d floor. 0000

**PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN MEDALS**

Of every description, now ready in Pin and Medal. Trade orders solicited and promptly filled at Factory prices. Wholesale Depot, CAMPAIGN MEDAL CO., 436 Broadway, N. Y.

**BRIDGEWATER PAINT**

Ground in Oil in several drab shades for Villas, Cottages, Boats, etc., etc. R. REYNOLDS, Agent, 74 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

**FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!**

All articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Fort Monroe, Harper's Ferry, Newbern, Fort Royal, and all other places, should be sent at half rates, by HARDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 65 Broadway. Sellers charged low rates. 0000

**GREAT CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY!**

Agents can make \$10 to \$20 a day selling our celebrated PRIZE STATIONERY PACKETS. We have every variety, to suit the tastes of all; retail for 25 cts. each. A Splendid GOLD OR SILVER WATCH presented free to each Agent; \$17 capital only required to obtain 100 Packages and a fine Silver Watch. Also, SLENDID STEEL ENGRAVINGS. \$10 invested will yield \$50. Send for Circulars. Mailed free. G. S. HASKINS & CO., Prize Package and Engraving Warehouse, 36 and 38 Beekman Street, N. Y.

**Valuable Information**

Given FREE to Agents, Sutures and Newsdealers. J. L. G. PIERPONT, 463-40 37 and 39 Nassau Street, N. Y.

**GREAT TRIUMPH!****STEINWAY & SONS,**

Nos. 71 and 73 Fourteenth St., N. Y.

Were awarded a First Prize Medal at the late Great International Exhibition, London. There were two hundred and sixty-nine pianos from all parts of the world entered for competition.

The Special Correspondent of the N. Y. Times says: "Messrs. Steinway's endorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker." 0000

**Vineland Lands.**

Large and thriving settlements, mild and healthful climate, 90 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, which produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Ten, twenty and fifty acre tracts at from \$25 to \$85 per acre, payable within four years. Good business openings for manufacturers and others. Churches, schools and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. The beauty with which the place is laid out is unsurpassed. Letters answered. Papers giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Cumberland county, New Jersey.  
From Report of SOLOMON ROBINSON, Agricultural editor of the Tribune: "It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position and suitable condition for pleasant farming, that we know of this side of the Western prairies."

**Army and Campaign Badges!**

On the receipt of \$1 I will send a Solid Silver Shield (Pure Coin) of the 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, 6th, 11th or 12th A. C. Badge, or the SOLDIER'S CHARM (a Medallion), with Likeness of GEN. GRANT AND UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER on the front, and your Name, Regiment and Co. Handsomely Engraved on the opposite side. And for \$1.50 I will send you either the 4th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 19th, 20th, 21st A. C. Badge or the New Artillery, Cavalry, Battery, Engineer or Pontonier Pin, Engraved as above.  
Also, for 25 cents I will send a Sample of the Campaign Badge, with Likeness of either President Lincoln, Gen. McClellan, Grant, Fremont, or any of the Candidates; together with my Wholesale Illustrated Circular to Agents

**B. T. HAYWARD,**

Manufacturing Jeweller.

309 Broadway, N. Y.

THE COLLEGE OF ST. CATHERINE  
ADGPA 64 MINNESOTA

**\$8 ARMY \$10 WATCH.**

A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVED GOLD-PLATED WATCH, Double Case, Lever Cap, Small Size, Enamelled Dial, Out Hands, "English Movement," and Correct Timekeeper.  
A single one sent free, by mail, in neat case, with A BEAUTIFUL VEST CHAIN, for only \$10.  
A neat SILVER WATCH, same as above, specially adapted to the ARMY. Sent free by mail, for only \$8.  
Address CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., Importers, 35 and 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

**LADIES' LETTER.****FIVE ANATOMICAL ENGRAVINGS**

Has information never before published. Sent free, in a sealed envelope, for 10 cents. Address Box 4652, New York Post Office.

**Sportsmen, Tourists,**

AND ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS,

**Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.**

Portability combined with great power in Field, Marine, Tourists', Opera and general out-door day and night double perspective glasses, will show distinctly a person to know him at from 2 to 6 miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp.

SHIMMONS, Oculists-Opticians, 600 609 1/2 Broadway, N. Y.

**WARDS SHIRTS SENT EVERYWHERE BY MAIL OR EXPRESS****Self-Measurement for Shirts.**

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.

**STEEL COLLARS****ENAMELLED WHITE,**

Having the appearance and comfort of linen, have been worn in England for the last two years in preference to any other collar, as they are readily cleaned in one minute with a sponge.

To Military Men and Travellers they are invaluable. Price 75 cents each; sent by post to any part of the Union on the receipt of 50 cents.

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.**

AGENTS WANTED in every Town in the Union.

**S. W. E. WARD,**

No. 387 Broadway, New York.

**Shirts' Ouguent.**—Warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in Six Weeks or money refunded. Sent, postpaid, for 50 cents. Address 458-700 C. F. REULTS, Troy, N. Y.

**A Secret Worth Knowing.**—How to make the CELEBRATED WESTERN OILER without apples or other fruit, in 12 hours. The Recipe sent everywhere for 25 cents. Address 0000 F. B. BOWEN, Box 230, Boston, Mass.

**Gray's Patent Molded Collars**

Gray's Patent Molded COLLARS. The only Collars shaped to fit the neck with a perfect curve free from angles or breaks. The turn-over style is THE ONLY COLLAR MADE having the patented space for the cravat, rendering the surface next the neck perfectly smooth and free from those puckers which in all other turn-down collars so chafe and irritate the neck. EVERY COLLAR is stamped "GRAY'S PATENT MOLDED COLLAR." Sold by all retail dealers in Men's Furnishing Goods. The trade supplied by

**HATCH, JOHNSON & CO.,**

51 Devonshire Street, Boston.

J. S. LOWREY & CO., 27 Warren St., N. Y.

VAN DEUSEN, BOEHMER & CO., 677 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

HODGES, BROS., 23 Hanover St., Baltimore.

WALL, STEPHENS & CO., 222 Pennsylvania Av., Washington.

LEAVITT & BEVIS, cor. Fifth and Vine Sts., Cinn.

J. VON BORRIES & CO., 434 Main St., Louisville.

A. FRANKENTHAL & BROS., No. 6 Main St., St. Louis.

BRADFORD, BROS., Milwaukee.

WEED, WITTERS & CO., 7 to 13 Tchoupitoulas St., N. O.

4560

**Nervous Diseases and Physical Debility,** arising from Specific causes, in both sexes—new and reliable treatment in Reports of the HOWARD ASSOCIATION—sent in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Address DR. J. BELLIN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 0